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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

This week it has been published to the world that the three Allies and combatants—England, France, and Russia—will stand together through the war and after the war. No peace will be made that is not approved by all. The hand and seal of each great party to this agreement is publicly given. It is a memorable event. In a sense it merely consecrates an accomplished fact; but it is none the less to be marked and recorded. This fast league of war comes of a free friendship in peace; and, though it has come inevitably, it is well to have it formally declared. The publication of our league finally destroys all hope in the enemy of making discord between us. We note a foolish appeal by the new Pope for "a council of peace". Anyone who urges peace at this time is supporting Germany and her policy of brutal violence.

The week began with a military surprise. The Germans, having arrived almost at the gates of Paris, suddenly swerved to the east. We next heard that they were being held and checked along the whole line of their advance. Finally, we were told that our position in the western theatre of war was stronger and better than at any time since the fall of Namur. We were no longer on the defensive. The wearying and perpetual retreat had paused. We were compelling the Germans to conform to our own dispositions—in a word, we were at last taking the field offensively. We might even hope for substantial successes. The German right was seriously threatened with outflanking near Compiègne. The German centre was driven in, and elsewhere we held firmly to our positions.

Nevertheless, it is not yet time to talk of a German disaster. We really do not know precisely what is happening. What was the exact meaning of the change in the German plan? Were they suddenly required to reckon with unexpected developments of their enemies' strength, some brilliant purpose hitherto concealed? Or are they themselves preparing some new decisive stroke? All we know is that the position is critical for both armies and that we ourselves have

good cause for hope. We would again warn our people not to be easily downcast or jubilant. This great war will run through chances and changes perpetual and grave. The German war machine has this week been arrested. It would be sheer folly to assume that it is destroyed or even near destruction. Such an idea would only serve to check recruiting: that is why we dread posters and announcements about German defeats.

There is one point, however, as to which we may be wholly sure. We can without misgiving be glad and glory in our men. The Press Bureau issued on Monday another general story of the war, wherein we can read the character of our soldiers. We are told, as a cool military fact of the war, that our soldiers have "established a personal ascendancy over the Germans". Our infantry can be handled in action with an ease and open freedom which enables it to meet successfully superior numbers of the enemy. Their training is better; their intelligence is higher. As to our cavalry, they "do as they like with the enemy until they are confronted with thrice their numbers". These points are taken from the reports of Sir John French. They are not set down in vainglory, but as sober and serious factors of the campaign.

The publication of Sir John French's great dispatch—great in the events of which it tells and in the simple manner of their telling—has made it clear that the retreat from Mons is one of the proudest chapters of our military history. Within two days after its arrival in the field the British Expeditionary Force was threatened with annihilation. Bad information and faulty cohesion of the Allies had suddenly left our troops faced with the necessity of retreat before overwhelmingly superior numbers. Sir John French's dispatch breathes throughout a glad appreciation of the way in which this grave position was met by the whole of our Army—staffs, officers, and men. There is no word concerning hesitation or perplexity. The situation was faced—and saved.

"It is impossible", writes Sir John French, "for

me to speak too highly of the skill evinced by the two General Officers commanding Army Corps; the self-sacrificing and devoted exertions of their Staffs; the direction of the troops by Divisional Brigade and Regimental Leaders; the command of the smaller units by their officers, and the magnificent fighting spirit displayed by non-commissioned officers and men". In particular Sir John French praises highly the work of General Smith-Dorrien: "I say without hesitation", he writes, "that the saving of the left wing of the Army under my command on the morning of 26 August could never have been accomplished unless a commander of rare and unusual coolness, intrepidity, and determination had been present to conduct the operation".

This 26th day of August was the glorious day of the war. No victory, however splendid, can match the achievement of our Army on that day. Already General Smith-Dorrien had "judged it impossible to continue his retirement". But General French was unable to support him. He was forced to send him "orders to break off the action and retire at the earliest possible moment". The story of General French continues: "There had been no time to entrench the position properly, but the troops showed a magnificent front to the terrible fire which confronted them. The Artillery, although outmatched by at least four to one, made a splendid fight, and inflicted heavy losses on their opponents. At length it became apparent that, if complete annihilation was to be avoided, a retirement must be attempted; and the order was given to commence it about 3.30 p.m. The movement was covered with the most devoted intrepidity and determination by the Artillery, which had itself suffered heavily, and the fine work done by the Cavalry in the further retreat from the position assisted materially in the final completion of this most difficult and dangerous operation. Fortunately the enemy had himself suffered too heavily to engage in an energetic pursuit". The Expeditionary Force, in a word, was saved from "annihilation".

We now begin to see that the fall of Namur was a disaster—a success for the German guns which might well have meant for the Allies an incalculable loss. We trusted in Namur so utterly that the retreat was not arranged for. It might have been a veritable rout. The German siege guns before Namur were irresistible. There was no faltering of the Belgian garrison beyond the very human desire to avoid utter destruction by a powerful machine. For ten hours the men in the trenches stayed within range of a fire they could not return; and the forts were similarly placed. The "Times" correspondent, who sends us this account from Ostend, makes it clear that the Belgians reckoned without this siege artillery. They waited confidently for the attack, while behind the German screen of cavalry the heavy guns were, for three days, advancing into position.

The Russian victory at Lemberg is proving to be the most decisive strategic event of the war. The Russians have since been completing their work, rounding off their great achievement. They have partially destroyed the Austrian Army, and are closing in upon its ruins. The army they have defeated and are threatening now with utter rout and destruction is the most efficient and powerful force which Austria can put into the field. Germany will now have to meet Russia in great strength upon the Eastern field. Russia has done wonders in this war. The rapidity of her operations in a difficult country is amazing. The popular idea of Russia as slow-moving will hardly survive this present astonishing campaign. Russia, with greater distances to cover, has done more in the East than modern, scientific and efficient Germany has done in the West.

The scout cruiser "Pathfinder" was mysteriously struck last Saturday and was lost. The story of this

disaster, as it reaches us through a correspondent of the "Scotsman", adds another fine passage to the English chronicle. The ship went down almost at once. There was no time for boats; but all kinds of floating material were thrown overboard to help the swimmers. When the ship had gone, there was a chief petty officer who "swam here and there among his struggling comrades, carrying them lumps of wood and wreckage, and assisting this one and then another. He eventually had formed a group of eleven in all. His efforts were untiring. Any stray flotsam from the wreck which he could find he brought back to his desperate little colony, and, packing it under the arms of the more exhausted men, he made their position as secure as possible under the circumstances".

They had to hang on for about an hour. The officer who had fed them with little pieces of wood now put all his strength into putting hope and life into his party. "Already injured himself, his strength was well-nigh spent, but his spirit was indomitable. He continued to cheer the others with words of hope, but one after another his group began to slip away. I am told that no fewer than four sank out of sight in turn. . . . Meantime torpedo-boats were racing against time to their rescue, and when the heroic petty officer saw the smoke in the distance he cheered until he fired anew the drooping hopes of his comrades. He was so exhausted himself, it is said, when the boats reached the spot that it was with difficulty he was picked up and taken on board".

India's part in the war was told in the House of Commons on Wednesday. English troops in India are released. Indian troops have been accepted. Offers of help have come from every Prince and State. India is sending 70,000 men—British and Indian, Sikh, Gurkha, Rajput and Pathan. The House was deeply moved at the tale as it fell from the Viceroy's despatch. Seven hundred princes and chiefs have offered all the resources of their kingdoms. Meantime our Imperial levies are freely and generously raised in every corner of the world. The Empire is proved a reality. All its resources will be poured into the struggle. The King has this week proclaimed again the cause of this war in a message to His Dominions—a cause which justifies their loyalty and service.

The recruiting figures are good this week. Mr. Asquith was able to announce that virtually half a million men, exclusive of Territorials, National Reserve, and forces from India and the Dominions, are already gathered to the colours. Now we are to raise another half-million. It is the only way. We have this melancholy advantage over our enemy—that, having begun weakly, with time we shall grow strong.

There appeared in the "Manchester Guardian" on Thursday extracts from an official volume wherein the Russian letters and documents of the recent diplomatic crisis were for the first time printed. These papers help to complete the case against the German Government. There is a letter of M. Sazonoff to the Russian Ambassador in London. It is dated 28 July, and it runs:—"From the private conversation between Count Portalés and myself it seems highly probable that the key to the situation lies in Berlin, and that Germany is upholding the irreconcilable attitude of Austria. The Berlin Cabinet, which could arrest the whole development of the crisis, does not apparently exert any pressure on its ally. . . . I look with alarm at this attitude of Germany, and I submit that England could, better than any other, undertake steps in Berlin for a mutual understanding." The italicised words confirm what we ourselves, on the very highest authority, have declared from the start.

We do not know how exactly the information about the German Chancellor's angry remark as to "A Scrap of Paper" was communicated to the "Times", and we have not enquired; but we should like to say this,

that whoever arranged the communication did a rare public benefit to civilisation. Those few words have worked wonders; and if they had been kept a diplomatic secret a service would have been done to the evil power of the German militarist and might-is-right party, and a corresponding dis-service to the rest of the world. We notice that one Cabinet Minister, at least, has rubbed in the phrase on an English platform. We hope that his example will be followed by speakers and lecturers all through the splendid recruiting campaign now in full swing. The words will light up the German mind and temper to the dullest and slowest intellect. Therefore all our people should dwell on and rub in the words, "A Scrap of Paper".

All the evidence now collected as to the burning and sack of Louvain goes to prove that this was a planned and scientific crime committed on authority by the German Army. Several telegrams published in the Press this week point most distinctly to this; and the very interesting account by Mrs. Bennet Burleigh in the "Times" on Monday shows how complete and how organised the spoiling of Louvain was by the Germans. Mrs. Burleigh gave in this account the substance of a long interview on the subject she has lately had in London with a Belgian official—namely, M. Auguste van Ermem, the Town Treasurer of Louvain. It is clear the German officers gave their men a free rein—and the men went in to burn, sack and kill. We were slow to believe that the German Army would officially lend itself to such enormities, and it may be recalled that a fortnight ago we warned our readers to be cautious about some of the accounts of German atrocities in various quarters. To-day we must ask them to dismiss such caution.

How can the German Army ever hope to wash from its hands the "filthy witness" of the crime at Louvain? Many Germans read Shakespeare. If they turn to "Macbeth" they will find the nature of the deed of their army at Louvain well enough described:—

"Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine".

We do not seek *revenge* for Louvain. Revenge is, as a great writer said, "a kind of wild justice". What we shall want and hope to secure later is *scientific punishment for a scientific crime*. We hope it may be practicable for the Powers, headed by Great Britain, to collect and sift all the evidence they can about Louvain and arrange their case so that at the close of the war all the persons in authority who were concerned in this business, from the German general down to the least of the officers, can be dealt with in a spirit of strict justice. They have put themselves clean outside the pale of warfare. Why should they not be charged and dealt with as criminals and as anarchists? We want to punish the guilty in order to prevent such crimes in any future war.

Mr. Lloyd George talked economy to the City Corporation on Tuesday. We must save. Not a coin must be wasted; not a penny spent without the just warrant of necessity. Mr. Lloyd George urged our local authorities not to rush into the market for money. They only competed with the Government. They must relieve distress, and the Treasury would help them to do so; but they should be quite sure that their measures of relief were sound. Were they trying to get their people to work in normal ways? They must not hastily rush into relief works or into measures that would trouble and disturb the normal trade of the country. There was still work to be had and work to be captured. Not till every possible local trade was fully manned should a local authority begin thinking of extraordinary distress measures.

Mr. Lloyd George has wisely made of the Treasury a jealous sentinel. He now leaves it to the Local Government Board to urge the necessity of spending.

It is his business, as far as possible, to save the nation's money. The enemy can stand the first hundred million pounds as well as we; but the second hundred million will decide. The Treasury will have heavy demands made upon it in the coming months; and, where necessity is proved, the Treasury will generously respond. But it is well to know that in Mr. Lloyd George we now have a Chancellor of the Exchequer who reads his position aright. He stands for husbandry.

The Queen's "Work for Women" Fund, of which we have just received a description, is admirably organised and has a right intention. It aims at preventing distress by finding work for capable women. It is not simply a relieving officer. It does not aim at charity. It aims at finding a way whereby women out of employment may be enabled to support themselves.

The German Press campaign has culminated this week in the publication abroad of a speech invented for Mr. John Burns. Foreign readers have been told that Mr. John Burns has been urging his countrymen to stop the war. We in England know that Mr. John Burns has not spoken at all. The story is in any case absurd and improbable. But we cannot dismiss these German stories lightly. They are systematically sown all over the world, more especially where the Germans desire to make a good impression. America now frankly refuses to listen; but there are neutral countries more ready than America to accept tales of English weakness and defeat or to believe charges of English falsehood and brutality—countries where ignorance of England and suspicion of England's friends give these stories a chance of survival. The majority of these tales—which we describe and discuss in another column—contain their own contradiction. But the Boer War has shown us that we cannot with impunity allow malign charges and false fact to go unchecked.

We are glad that measures are to be taken for spreading authentic news of the war and of our public conduct in foreign countries. This has never been under control of the Press Bureau; but henceforth it is to be an important official duty. It is well that German misrepresentation should be countered by the truth. German stories are absurd reading for those who know the facts; but they are able to do heavy mischief in neutral countries where there is no clear idea as to the character and intentions of the belligerents. Under Sir Desmond O'Callaghan the cable censorship will be well administered.

Mr. McKenna is now responsible for the service of the Press Bureau. The critics of its conduct were not able to make a case on Thursday. The particular point raised—concerning the loss of the "Pathfinder"—showed the Bureau entirely in the right. It forbade the "Scotsman" to publish a detailed report of this disaster, and the "Scotsman" loyally obeyed. Naturally the "Scotsman" was annoyed when the report appeared elsewhere. But this was not the fault of the Press Bureau.

We do not know how better to pay a tribute to our heroic soldiers who have fallen in the fields of Northern France than to apply to them some lines from the ode of William Collins. These were written nearly a hundred and sixty years ago, but, like all great poetry of the past, they are quick with life and beauty to-day:—

"How sleep the brave who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest!"

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung:
There Honour comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair
To dwell a weeping hermit there."

LEADING ARTICLES.

THE DUTY OF EMPLOYERS.

THE best news we have had since the war began, and the best news we have had of the British race in the present century, consists of a few sentences in the official report on the work of our Army last week. "There is no doubt whatever", it runs, "that our men have established a personal ascendancy over the Germans and that they are conscious of the fact that with anything like even numbers the result would not be doubtful. The shooting of the German infantry is poor, while the British rifle fire has devastated every column of attack that has presented itself. Their superior training and intelligence have enabled the British to use open formations with effect, and thus to cope with the vast numbers employed by the enemy. The cavalry, who have had even more opportunities for displaying personal prowess and address, have definitely established their superiority. Sir John French's reports dwell on this marked superiority of the British troops of every arm of the Service over the Germans. 'The cavalry', he says, 'do as they like with the enemy until they are confronted by thrice their numbers. . . . The German troops will not face our infantry fire, and as regards our artillery they have never been opposed by less than three or four times their numbers'."

We much dislike anything like brag about the superior virtue and manhood of our race over all other nations; whilst the old notion that an Englishman is worth so many foreigners—a serious proposition, perhaps, in the days of the English archer or of Agincourt and Crécy—is grotesque applied to modern history. But these facts about the hardihood and address of British troops faced by a powerful enemy and heavy odds, well observed and coolly set out by a man like Sir John French—not given to heroics—fill us with satisfaction. They are better than many a victory. The losses in Sir John French's army have been heavy, and within two or three days of the first list of casualties last week they mounted at a grievous rate, even assuming that very many of the "Missing" will turn up again and rejoin their units. But the evil of the losses is far more than counterbalanced by the lasting good which these master feats of arms have done for British repute and prestige. The immediate and obvious service which Sir John French's men have done has been holding back the advance of the German army, and by magnificent steadiness saving the Allied Forces from anything like collapse or fatal confusion. But, rightly considered, that is a very small part of their service. They have done far more than that. They have shown once more that well-trained Britons—English, Scotch, and Irish indifferently—in a tight place, and at a most serious crisis, have lost none of the grit and toughness that have made our country what it is.

There have been various features or tendencies in the conduct of the nation of late that have made serious and patriotic people very uneasy. First, there has been, especially during the last few years, a certain flippancy or carelessness among great bodies of people—including notably sections of the middle and of the upper classes—as to what happens politically: a vile spirit of "Nothing much matters if I have a good time". Secondly, there has been the apathy of all classes as to National Training and National Service at arms—an apathy due to sheer hulking laziness and selfishness, mingled with the foolish notion that we are all right: that we, being an island Power, can never be invaded or gravely inconvenienced. Thirdly, there has been the childish craze for games, games, games; for "footer" and cricket and golf, for cups and ties, and for racing news and tips, and for toys generally, toys turned into the most important and pressing matters of life by all classes. Fourth—a reaction, no doubt, against the too selfish and too greedy creed of out-and-out Manchesterism—the manhood of the nation has been threatened

by a movement directed against the good or exceptional workman doing his fill of work; an attempt to bully and emasculate the individual who wishes to work harder than his fellows. And, lastly, there has been a widespread tendency to make light of the principles of law and order, without which a nation cannot long exist.

These tendencies have disquieted and depressed patriotic minds in England, who have seen in them dangers of national decadence. The war, the German menace at length brought home to us in tremendous reality, is swiftly lifting us out of the company of these debasing habits and tendencies—hardly one of them rears its ugly head to-day, and we may come out of this struggle largely clear of them all. But what will help more than anything else to raise us is the stand made by our Army against the huge might of the German war machine. Nothing more glorious has ever been done by British troops. By hard-bitten devoted courage and stamina, in an absolutely just cause and at a perilous crisis, Sir John French's men have once more raised the name of England high: "Her awful and magnificent cause" has proved safe in their keeping. After this, whether victories or defeats come in the near future, we ought to feel confident about the ultimate issue. Beyond all doubt the action of our Army in North France during the last fortnight has made of Arms the first and finest British calling. A prejudice against "soldiering" has existed in a kind of shame-faced way among great numbers of British people. It must now completely pass away. It will be recognised generally—we believe it already is—that simply the best men of our race are the men who have rallied to this great cause and the men who have flung aside all apathy and indifferentism and are cheerfully getting ready to follow their example. The old splendid martial spirit of England is up to-day in earnest! We see it in the open spaces all over London, the Guards' ground by Chelsea Hospital, the gardens of Lincoln's Inn, the parks, the recruiting centres; and the countryside at length is really rousing itself, so that at little railway stations and in villages and provincial towns there is the same sign of quickening life and martial spirit in the flower of the nation. The great game really is afoot at length; but it has only just started, and what we have to do to-day, and shall have to do for weeks and months to come, is to minister to it by every means in our power. Lord Kitchener cannot get the men, and the Government and the whole array of speakers who are working with the Government cannot hope to do so, if civilians and private people all over the country do not ceaselessly help in the work. Hundreds of thousands of men of the right age and physique can be got within the next few months if employers will promise to keep their jobs open for them at the close of the war. We hold—and we have reached this view in no spirit of panic or haste, but slowly and on conviction—that it is the solemn bounden duty of employers to make this promise to their men. Those who do not make it fully and freely, and on their own initiative, may rest presently under a cloud, or a stigma will attach to them. Employers of labour on a large scale, or on a lesser scale, will do wisely if they let the men know that they mean to keep the posts open. In many cases it is much easier for the employer to approach the employed in this matter than for the employed to approach the employer. Take, for example, country districts in the south of England. Take such counties as Wiltshire, Sussex, Hampshire, and Dorset. The rural worker's mind in such districts moves slowly. He is shy of unusual action on his own initiative: he would wish to know his employer's mind before he shows his own. Most of us who know the country worker in these districts can think of instances of the kind; and perhaps have within the last week or two had experiences to the point. The best part of the manhood in this part of England to-day hardly needs even slight pressure; all it needs is a word or two of encouragement, and it will be up and away to the nearest recruiting office.

Here, then, is the clear and simple business of the employers and masters: they can keep the recruiting officers and the drill-sergeants busy whilst the present splendid and rising spirit of the country lasts. But, of course, the employers cannot do everything. In last week's Correspondence of the SATURDAY REVIEW was a letter from a very distinguished and a very common-sensible soldier, whose name we are glad to see announced this week as Cable-Censor in the re-organised Press Bureau. General Sir Desmond O'Callaghan, in that letter, urged the necessity of pressing forward the matter of provision for the mothers and wives of recruits, and this is a thing that must be organised efficiently at once. We shall return to this matter shortly: meanwhile we wish to draw our readers' attention to Lord Derby's letter in the "Times" of 10 September. With him we deprecate the proposal to give a bounty of £50 or whatever it may be to all men who enlist. The British soldier is not a sugar that we should propose to bounty-feed him! But Lord Derby's proposal to increase the separation allowance to wives and children is one far more worth consideration: it should be examined together with his little table on the subject.

We want at least half a million more men—we may want a million yet—even after India and the Dominions have made their full contribution. Great Britain, once in this struggle, has to keep unceasingly, not one, but two supreme operations in mind: (1) *We have to batter the German war machine out of all resemblance to a striking power*; and (2) *we have to lead the concert of the nations which at the close will make the European settlement*. We shall fail in both, and France will go under, if we stint our resources now or fail in generosity towards our soldiers and their people.

THE ALLIED POWERS.

"The British, French and Russian Governments mutually engage not to conclude peace separately during the present war. The three Governments agree that when terms of peace come to be discussed no one of the Allies will demand conditions of peace without previous agreement of each of the other Allies."

IN the rush of war news comparatively little attention has been paid to this momentous Declaration. Yet it is an extremely important feature of the week's news. Not even the great battle of Lemburg is likely to exercise more influence on the future of Europe. It is not merely that the Declaration places on record the complete accord existing between the Powers of the Triple Entente. That is self-evident from the character of the campaign. On the eastern marches of Germany, in the North Sea, and in France the Allies are working together as if all the armies and fleets were actuated by a single mind. Each Power is doing its share with complete disregard to any consideration but the ultimate victory of the Alliance. Russia is putting forth her mightiest efforts as much to relieve the pressure on France as to achieve her immediate purposes in Galicia and Eastern Prussia. France has shown herself willing to subordinate everything to the general plan of campaign. She has made cheerfully the cruellest sacrifices that can be demanded of a polished and sensitive people. For the sake of strategic advantage she has abandoned some of her most glorious old towns—Amiens, Rheims, and the rest—to the enemy that burned Louvain. Even Paris she was prepared to leave to the foe's mercy if the obstinate defence of Paris involved any risk of decisive defeat in the field. England, equally, is ready to spend her last man and her last piece of gold before she abandons the struggle against Kaiserism. No reasonable person here or in France has the smallest misgiving, in short, as to the solidarity of the Triple Entente. Its strength lies equally in its appeal to national feeling and to national interest. In London, in Paris, and in Petrograd it is equally recognised that

there can be no enduring peace while Germany retains any vestige of the naval and military power she has so misused.

Nevertheless this Declaration of the Allies is in no sense an empty platitude. Its effect must be great—and probably has been great already—alike on the enemy, on neutrals, and on the nationals of the three Powers. There is no longer any question of setting off successes in one quarter against failures in another. Germany has clearly recognised for some time that, humanly speaking, it is impossible for her to carry on a successful war (which must in the nature of things be also a war of rapid triumph) against all her adversaries. In these circumstances her only hope was either to weaken the alliance against her or to stir up new troubles. Hence the efforts to detach France, by promising to let her off as lightly as possible. Hence, too, the intrigues in Turkey and North Africa, which may succeed in ruining the Ottoman Empire, but may also force Italy into the field. France, of course, is no more to be intimidated or cajoled than Belgium, so long as she is capable of meeting Germany in the field. But there was a possibility at one time that the German armies might inflict such shattering blows on the allied forces as to reduce France temporarily to impotence. In such circumstances, the German statesmen no doubt argued, the prospect of great Russian successes in the east could be faced with some philosophy. Russia could be bought off with territory, chiefly at the expense of Austria-Hungary, while Germany sought compensation in Belgium and the northern French ports, preparing meanwhile for a great blow against England. That any such arrangement must pre-suppose an utter absence of integrity on the part of Russia was no reason, in German eyes, why it should not come within the range of practical politics. Germany's coarsest mistakes arise from her inveterate habit of assuming that there is no such thing as honour or uprightness in international relations. Realpolitik is a word of recent coinage, but the thing it denotes is as old as Frederic the Great, and older. According to this tradition, statesmen are concerned with nothing but what they are pleased to consider material advantage—acquisition of territory, or money, or power—and success of this kind is to be the only aim of conduct. Treaties are but "scraps of paper", to be signed when the object is to deceive a fool, to be torn up when it becomes a question of "hacking one's way through". Negotiations between great Powers, in short, are to be regulated not by the average conceptions of right and justice, not even by the standard of honour obtaining in the sharpest business circles, but by the morality of a thieves' kitchen. German statesmen have had reminders lately of the fallibility of their doctrine. The resistance of Belgium was one. The entry of England into the war was another. But their faith in the essential baseness of human nature seemed to remain unshaken.

As far as neutrals are concerned, the Declaration has already produced a salutary effect. It has warned the few nations which are inclined, chiefly from motives of fear, to curry favour with Berlin that there is danger in making common cause with a Power marked out for just punishment. It has given new heart to those countries which, while cherishing the hope that the reign of Prussian militarism is nearing its end, were beginning to wonder what their own position would be if France were crushed, England check-mated, and Russia alone left to make peace on equal terms. It must not be forgotten that in many capitals the German campaign of falsehood has had its effect, and the position of the Allies is understood to be far more critical than is really the case. To these friendly or unfriendly wavers the Declaration is a highly practical reminder that, whatever the fortunes of the Allies in the first six months of war, the ultimate issue cannot be doubtful. There is no comfort for Germany in the analogy of 1870, which is even at this stage wholly inapplicable to the present campaign. France has suffered, and may suffer far more heavily. But she cannot be sub-

dued while "les deux intangibles"—Russia and England—remain to carry on the war. "All for one, and one for all"—the motto of the Three Musketeers—is equally the watchword of the Triple Entente. Every victory is of the same value, whether it be gained in the North Sea, or in East Prussia, or in Galicia, or in France. England's wealth, as well as her ships and her men, will be spent as freely in the common cause as the armed multitudes of the Czar or the gallant chivalry of France.

But it is not only in relation to the war, and the reckoning, severe enough for Germany, that must follow the war, that this Declaration is of high importance. It is quite possible it may decide for half a century the main lines of European development. German civilisation, having reached its height, has proved wholly unfitted to advance the common interests of Europe. There is strong ground for hope that the alliance of Great Britain, France, and Russia will be able to achieve even better victories in peace than in war. This is not in essence an artificial compact, though it has been brought about, to the astonishment of shallow observers, by the pressure of circumstances. Between France and ourselves there is now no obvious ground of disagreement in any part of the world. In Europe our objects are identical, and the natural sympathy between the two peoples, so long kept apart by real or fancied incompatibilities of interest, has asserted itself amazingly during the last few years. Let there be no exaggeration. We cannot see things with French eyes. Frenchmen cannot be expected to take the English point of view on all questions. But both nations have, in their different ways, a true love of liberty, a mission of civilisation. A continent of Europe in which French and English influence predominated might be a better Europe than the one we know. And Russia? Hard words have been spoken of Russia in the past; but much of the criticism has been on the lines of narrow and insular prejudice. Russia is not merely a great autocratic Power. It is the home of a great people, a people of unplumbed potentialities, a people which even in a semi-barbarous state showed a strange hunger and aptitude for culture, a people which under more favourable conditions has given manifold signs of original and wholly human genius. Russia, we think, will gain in all ways by closer intercourse with our people. The economic and industrial ascendancy of Prussia is eminently distasteful to the Russians, and not a little prejudicial to the true interests of the Empire. We, on our side, have every motive, material and otherwise, to establish a closer friendship with the Slav people. Russia offers an enormous field for our commerce, and intimacy with intellectual Russia will bring England in touch with a fresh outlook on life and its problems.

THE GERMAN PRESS CAMPAIGN.

IT is impossible to disregard the importance of the German Press campaign. In every neutral country of the world agents of the German Government are spreading false reports of England and false reports of the course and conduct of the war. This policy, we think, will end in defeating itself, but it is not a peril to be treated lightly. Already, as we shall show, German news is everywhere suspected. German stories begin to weigh lightly at this time in the minds of official and responsible observers. But much damage may yet be done. We are glad that measures are being taken to counter this false reporting of events and of our cause. It is a serious peril to the fame of England.

The war news which the German Government and its official agents have provided, particularly for the consumption of neutral countries where opinion might be influenced, is one of the most astounding features of their policy. We are confronted with a systematic

campaign of deception. All Governments at war naturally exaggerate their victories and explain their defeats. That is part of the business of war, and the final adjustment of these matters is not for contemporaries, but for history. But a wise Government, while careful to preserve so far as it can a feeling that things are going well, is equally careful to keep as close as it can to the truth. Napoleon suppressed the news of the British victory at Trafalgar for a time, lest it should discourage France and the Grand Army at a critical moment in the Continental campaign. But he was not so foolish as to proclaim that the British Fleet had been destroyed. Yet the Press agents of Germany have announced that not only the British Fleet, but the British Army, have been destroyed.

The German Government and its agents refrain from nothing in their effort to score a point on paper, and apparently they do not mind if the fiction is discovered, so long as it produces a momentary impression. This conduct, of course, must finally damage the German Government's reputation. It overlooks an ancient, elementary, and universal maxim. The deceiver, once he is unmasked, is not trusted again. The German Government may yet discover that a reputation for telling the truth is an asset of no mean value. To put the thing on the lowest ground, it is good policy for Governments, as for newspapers and private persons, to speak the truth. The present high reputation of our English official news—which has done admirable service during the war—is due to the fact that its censors are trustworthy men of sound judgment who examine reports and sift rumours before they transmit them to the Press. We wish we could say the same of all the agencies and war correspondents at present engaged in reporting operations on the Continent. Much pain and anxiety would have been saved the public, and many false deductions would not have been drawn.

Quite clearly the German Government has only an abstract and academic respect for truth, and this is its historic policy, carried out systematically over a term of years. Bismarck's editing of the Ems telegram was the first conspicuous example of the Prussian method. There was, however, this difference between Bismarck and his successors. Bismarck's deception succeeded; it deceived contemporaries, and Bismarck cared not a jot for the considered judgment of posterity. But the German Government's present campaign of deception can hardly deceive careful contemporaries for long. Count Bernstorff, the German Ambassador at Washington, whose function it has been to spread false news in the American Press, has been bluntly told by the New York journals that his stories are too improbable. Wolff's Agency, the semi-official German agency at Berlin, has spread a series of fictions which surely are too absurd to embarrass permanently the Triple Entente, but which have utterly destroyed the none too high reputation of Wolff. It was that agency which manufactured a speech by Mr. McKenna some years ago, and was subsequently forced to apologise. It has now apparently manufactured a speech by Mr. John Burns in the Albert Hall against the war. The report is circumstantial. Date, place, and name are given. Mr. Burns, however, has made no speeches since he resigned office. Other statements are made, obviously from the same source, that the war is unpopular in England, and that only a few thousand men have volunteered for the new army. It was this agency, be it remembered, which told the German public a few days before England declared war that England would not fight, and could not if it would. The morale of our Army was declared to be deeply affected by the Curragh episode; our Navy was unready to put to sea, and, in the alternative, could not be spared from police work in Ireland; the Dominions were ready to revolt on the first occasion; the downfall of the British Empire was imminent, and the Provisional Government was to be set up in Ulster on August 4th—the very day when Britain declared war on Germany.

Now these things were manufactured in Berlin. The

head of Wolff's Agency in London—he has now returned to Germany—was an amiable and educated gentleman of high personal character, well known to the present writer, and a close student of English political and social life. He discussed domestic and Imperial affairs with the writer and with several others in London; he was well versed in the history of the British Empire, on which he had written several interesting articles and had already begun a more ambitious work; and he openly expressed the opinion in his own club in London—the German Athenæum—that the British political genius, for which he professed admiration, would solve the Irish question on peaceful lines by means of a working compromise. This was not merely an attempt to suit his views to his company, for his English associates were at the moment less optimistic as to settlement by consent in Ulster than he, and he had given proof of his sincerity by strong support of the German policy in Morocco in 1905 and 1911 in English circles that were by no means in accord with him on that matter. It seems, therefore, incredible that he should have sent these false and ridiculous reports from London last July as to England's unreadiness. These statements were manufactured by Wolff's Agency in Berlin, presumably against the advice of their representative in London, and they appeared in practically every German newspaper. Within a week they were proved to be false, and the German public, which seems to have believed them, was embittered by the official denunciations of England's treachery, which covered the mistake of Wolff's Agency. That is the way the German Government and its agents influence opinion from Berlin.

There is clear evidence that this policy was deliberately determined on in advance, and that it has been carried out wholesale. In Spain, for instance, a report has been spread that the British Army and Navy have been both completely destroyed and that King George is imploring the Kaiser for peace. These insane stories, or other similar, are being sent out daily from Barcelona. In Italy similar stories of wholesale British defeats are being circulated, no doubt by Wolff's Agency; and Lord Abinger in a letter to the "Morning Post" has summarised some of the fiction telegraphed from Berlin to the Swedish newspapers. Among these we notice the report that the Mediterranean was panic-stricken by the imaginary exploits of the runaway "Goeben", and that fearful riots had taken place in Paris. There was also an entirely original account of the Heligoland fight. It was stated that the British Fleet had "at length dared to brave a few German light cruisers, as England was forced to test the quality of her officers and men, of which she was dubious, should they be brought to battle with the almighty German fleet". The British losses are stated to have been severe. This account squares well enough with the report circulated at Vienna, and probably elsewhere, that the British Fleet was hiding in harbour and that the German navy was in possession of the North Sea. As a fact, it does not even tally with the official account of the fight issued by the German Government, which was reasonably accurate, and therefore not intended for foreign consumption. This business of systematic deception seems, indeed, to have been carried on whenever opportunity allowed. It is surely unnecessary to deceive a few stray prisoners on a German commerce-destroyer; yet the skipper of a British trawler who was confined for a few days on the "Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse" has stated that news bulletins, alleged to have been received by wireless from Berlin, were posted up daily in the prisoners' quarters on that vessel. In this way he was assured that the German army was within a few miles of Petrograd, and that a revolution had broken out in England. Such stories as these carry their own refutation. If the British forces on land and sea were destroyed and revolution had broken out in France and England the war would come to an end within a week; if the British Fleet were skulking the German mercantile marine would not be lying idle at Hamburg and Bremen, and there would be no need for

the "Frankfurter Zeitung" in one issue to condemn England for making war on German colonies and a few days later to deny that Togoland had fallen.

We applaud the Government for planning to distribute the truth to neutral countries like Scandinavia and Spain. This is a grave question, not to be lightly dismissed.

THE CONDUCT OF THE UNIVERSITIES.

IT is now more than a week ago that the "Times" published a letter of Admiral Sir Cyprian Bridge pleading for a wider realisation by our Universities of the issues at stake. He professed astonishment at the proposal of Vice-Chancellors to reassemble the colleges. But his surprise was excited less by any "business as usual" policy of the authorities than by the fact that there should be left a sufficient number of students not in arms to make Term possible. His strictures called forth a good deal of criticism. The powers of our Universities, old and new, read into his letter a protest that was not there, and defended their action with rather more earnestness than the matter warranted. But the correspondence has at least given the public an insight into what the Universities are doing. Certainly we shall not accuse them of apathy. At Oxford considerably over a thousand men have already been nominated by a Board which interviews and reports upon candidates for Commissions in all branches of the Army. At Cambridge more than fifteen hundred have applied for Commissions. Nor are these figures entirely representative of the lead which is being taken by the older institutions. Many already had Commissions in Territorial regiments before the war. Others have enlisted in the ranks. We do not think that the Universities will fail us. But we do need to fear the unkind and indiscriminate attacks that are being precipitated daily against institutions and individuals. To close our Universities next term would be a piece of folly as contrary to the traditional as it would be disastrous to the economic point of view. It is the boast of one at least of our Universities that in the past she has drawn the sword without relinquishing the pen. Let it be to her honour if she do so now. The closing of the colleges at Oxford and Cambridge would be a blow at industry from which those towns would be slow to recover. Not trade alone would be hard hit, but lodging-house keepers, servants, and those who depend for a living upon the needs of the men would experience acute distress. Professor Firth has well stated the case for Oxford. While sympathising with the spirit which prompted Sir Cyprian Bridge's letter, he feels that the Admiral does not wholly appreciate the position. In every college there must be a percentage of undergraduates who are under age as well as many who are physically unfit for service. But Oxford is not Laodicea, and we do not believe that Oxford will be found wanting.

It is not many years since the Government conceived the plan of appealing to the Public Schools and Universities for the officers of its Army. We remember when it was scarcely the fashion to be a Volunteer at the University, when Adjutants were satisfied with a prodigiously low standard of efficiency, and when the drill in the mouths of the younger dons who held the King's Commission was indecently autocratic. All this has changed. The Senior Division of the Officers Training Corps no longer suffers the reproach of inefficiency. It is producing, and it will continue to produce, good officers. That is the *raison d'être* of the Corps. Our casualties are showing a disproportionately heavy loss of officers. The gap must be filled. The new army and the reserve battalions which are now being raised for foreign service or home defence must be officered. Here, then, is the work of the O.T.C. All are not ready now, but we have every right and reason to expect that during the ensuing term full use will be made of the

advantages which these University corps offer, and that the supply will not fall short of the demand. Those who have been disappointed now—and they are many—may look with some confidence for the privilege of serving in the near future. The Cambridge University Board of Military Studies writes: "We submit that it is one acknowledged duty of the Universities to furnish officers for the Army, and they are amply fulfilling that duty. The closing of the Universities would only increase the difficulty of training and selecting the officers of the immediate future, and the supply of such officers would be seriously imperilled if young University men were indiscriminately encouraged to join the ranks". Since this was written the War Office has sanctioned the formation of units in which Public School and 'Varsity men may enlist, under conditions similar to those that obtain in the Regular Army. The consequent rush to be enrolled is evidence of a good spirit. But it is to the Universities that we must look first for the leaders of the men who are fitting themselves in parade ground and training camp for this most serious of all human activities. It is patent that their mental equipment should make the passage through the labyrinth of the drill book easier than it is for those whose work is purely mechanical. Nor is the intellectual the only factor. Morale must count. In his capacity as monitor the public school boy has been trained to exercise authority. He has learned initiative and the broad law that those who best know how to obey can best command. This good material must not be wasted by being prematurely hurried into the ranks. It is better to take our time; to reserve these men for more valuable service as officers. To this end it is well not to disorganise utterly the machinery of the Universities by suddenly closing down upon their life.

Our Universities are being watched. They are in full gaze of those who have ceased to believe that this sort of education can produce better citizens than the sale-room or the counting-house; that the old tag about the playing fields of Eton is anything more than a graceless piece of Tory egotism; that culture and not commercial prosperity has made England great. Their conduct is remarked with a jealousy that misses nothing. All that the ancient Foundations stand for is at stake. It is imperative that we should recognise this. The man who, in the morning of his career, closes the door upon every interest but one, who puts in jeopardy his fairest prospects in the unselfish service of the State, is making a big sacrifice. The loss of time—when the sand in the hour-glass is running gold—may never be recovered. Fortune is no patriotic employer who will make good the lost opportunity. The undergraduate stands to lose much; but, because his sacrifice is big, he will make a greater soldier.

The spirit of English gentlemen is, thank God, alive. Sidney, reading his *Cæsar* by the camp fire, is a figure that satisfies our imagination. But it should not strike our wonder. The tactical value of *de bello Gallico* may not be to-day what it was three hundred years ago. But let it not be thought impertinent that the classics should intrude into the camp or that the humanities should be carried into the very citadel of Mars. Cromwell honoured his "plain russet-coated captains", but "it had been well that men of honour and birth had entered into these employments", and it irked him to find them ranged upon the other side. They are coming forward now to give the lie to the cynic. All cannot come. At least let us be just. We feel sure to-day that the Universities are answering the call with no uncertain voice. Until every man who is not irretrievably barred from service has taken his place in the line we ought not to be satisfied. But there are many who have offered themselves and who cannot, for some weeks yet, know if they are accepted. The back of the War Office is bending under the burden laid upon it, and Commissions are not given in a day.

THE GREAT WAR.

APPRECIATION (No. 6) BY VIEILLE MOUSTACHE.

"If I was to be asked", says Montesquieu, "what is the predilection of the English, I should find it very hard to say: not war, nor birth, nor honours, nor success in love, nor the charms of Ministerial favour. They want men to be men. They value only two things—wealth and worth".

THE philosopher in his last sentence probably placed our ambitions towards moral excellence in the right sequence. The conclave of City Fathers, sitting in peace behind their counters, undisturbed by the smoke and din of distant battle, seems now to be burdened more with the thoughts and aspirations of the capture of German trade than with the possibilities and necessities of the capture of German guns and men. They know right well what is the power of wealth, and, profiting by their knowledge, have for generations been rewarded with a wealth of power. It is by the example of their upright methods that they have given to the world a standard on which within its folds is woven the brief inscription "Honour". The word of an Englishman is his bond. It is this very principle that has carried around the globe that system of credit by means of which the clearing house for the wealth of the civilised nations of the world has insensibly focussed itself to our capital.

The British people, with its high code of honour and its high standard of right conduct, would prefer any sacrifice, even that of the lives of its seamen and its soldiers, to the obloquy of staining its escutcheon with the stigma of a broken pledge. Its eyes are dimmed, its heart repugnant, to the thought of any fellow nation being burdened with scruples where honour is involved. With such a standard to govern its international political morality we may be excused, though not pardoned, if we have failed to discover the mailed fist that has so long been hidden by the velvet glove of German diplomacy. Our penalty for such overt blindness has been great, and yet not for twice one hundred millions, nor twice 15,000 battle casualties, would we wish to lose the fair fame of "an Englishman's word" that carries our sons' heads high among the nations of the globe.

And were it otherwise, what without doubt would have been our fate? What if we had proved ourselves curs and left poor Belgium to its fate? The destruction of the British Empire would assuredly have formed a solid ground upon which to patch up peace among the fiery combatants of Europe. What pickings for all!

We have suffered grievously for our virtues. Late in the field in mobilising our forces, awaiting the justice of doing so for an act of injustice to provoke us to arms, we enter the lists with the sense that ours is a righteous cause, and the world from sea to sea applauds our motive as a just one. In our happy life of ease and contentment we have realised, alas! too late, that the symbol of Peace has for years past been not an angel, but a sword. It is now our set purpose to seize that sword and break it in pieces across the bended knee of the Teuton owner.

THE SEAS.

The ghastly road by which the *Pathfinder* has found its way to a watery grave calls to mind how little is our Navy trained to compete with the vile machinations which modern war has bred. Farewell to chivalry! But surely mines can be met by countermines by sea as they can be by land, and science can be invoked to dispel the hidden dangers that are sown broadcast under the very noses of our coastguard flotillas. The past week has hardly been a red-letter one for our senior service, with all its superiority of power. The capture of a mine-layer may be a triumph, but why advertise the fact to our enemy and provoke him to renew his efforts? If chasing cruisers are baffled in their action by the hostile cruisers, who have better knowledge of the war power of wireless, surely there is scope for our marines to land and destroy that powerful auxiliary.

As it is one cannot but admire the forethought of the German cruiser fleet commanders who roam the broad oceans, and who by means of coal depôts and colliers at appointed spots bid fair to jockey their pursuers and work their appointed task to the full. The toll of the sea has not been light during the past week. A near full crew of a gallant cruiser and a half million of money in a sunken liner converted for service as a war craft—but how our seamen must be panting for the real thing!

THE WESTERN AREA. REFERENCE MAP, "TIMES",
9 SEPTEMBER.

The Homeric despatch written by Field-Marshal Sir John French and fresh in the memory of every Britisher will have sent a thrill of pride throughout the Empire. It lifts a veil which was wellnigh becoming a pall from the scene where our brave men fought so gallantly and under such magnificent leadership. It tells the tale how, by mistaken strategy, as pointed out in my last letter, the Allied Commander found himself overpowered on a vital flank. How, in his haste, he had to thrust our men to fill a gap that required twice their numbers. How, had it not been for our two solid armies, staunch to a man, the road to Paris was absolutely open. And where, in the name of Heaven, was our third army? The one to complete the numbers we have so often been told by Ministers would make up the Expeditionary Force! Where, indeed, but at home watching carefully the homesteads of sleeping Britons while their sons were languidly answering a call to arms. Oh, the shame of it! What would not French and his gallant soldiers have given for such a support in their hour of trial. What would have been the picture on the war map had they been in their proper places in the battle line? The stricken bodies of our men now staining the soil of Belgium and of France in the long and trying days of enforced retreat tell at every step what a gigantic farce has been our promise of full help in the first hour of war to gallant France and what sacrifices our men are called upon to make to meet the doubtful pledges of optimistic Ministers. My first letter prophesied the cost right well—20 million pounds, 20,000 casualties!

A word in explanation of the causes which have pictured the unceasing flow of the onward wave of the German armies for a full fortnight. Its basic principle is the cultivation of march discipline, ground into the marrow of the soldier, and in its method it shows a system which is exactly the opposite to what obtains in our own Army. Firstly, the German individual when drawn for service has no choice of arm in which to serve. He is placed in a mould that his physical capacity, height, weight, etc., will fill, and the varieties of moulds represent the capabilities required for the several branches of the Army. It follows that all men in a unit are of equal build, physical standard, equal length of limb for march or saddle or work at gun, heavy or light. They are cogs in a machine. This is in marked contrast to what obtains in our Army under a voluntary system, where we catch if we can a 5 ft. 3 in. starveling and put him alongside of a 6 ft. overgrown lad. Three months' good food and three months' physical training undoubtedly do worlds of good to both, but the six-footer must have the legs of the shorter man. Place a huge sheet upon a German company or a squadron, and not a wave would show in it, so level is the measure of the footman and so level the height of horse and rider. It is the next feature, however, that counts as such a factor in war. A German unit is so disciplined to march along a road that the *rear* of the unit reaches the deploying or firing line in *the shortest possible time*. What does this mean to the commander? It means that he can count upon his battle-line being formed in full strength in the shortest possible time and in clockwork order. What does this mean to the individual man and horse? It means that to do what is required he must move in a dense close mass like a flock of sheep, treading almost on each other's heels, man and horse, lance at the trail

steering barely clear of horse and man in front, smothered with dust and sweat in the close dense atmosphere, and with absolute indifference to individual comfort, in the main object of his chief to get every man up to the front line in the briefest space of time. In fact, the man gets breathing space only when he has deployed into line. In our Army the personal element is the first consideration. To bring the man up fresh and unimpaired in vigour is the first study. This object entails a looser and easier latitude both from front to rear and from shoulder to shoulder when on the march, and similarly from horse to horse. There is much to be said for both practices, but when it comes to placing numbers on the battle-field every inch of space, taken up by columns on the march means seconds in time, and time is the all-important factor in war. Unquestionably our men are trained to march long and exceptional distances, and do so triumphantly, but to achieve that a marked latitude in distances and intervals is permitted. In the German regulations, the men being looked upon as machines, the dense mass march is accepted as law. It requires little knowledge of arithmetic to figure out the gain in time which a German column of 20,000 men would have over one of a similar strength of British when set the same task of deployment from a road. The majestic and terrible onward sweep of column after column of Germans in this area of the field has aroused the surprise and admiration of all students of war. We can equally applaud the unbroken line in the defensive strategy imposed upon the Allied commander by his enemy. There is no purposeless initiative of offensive among the leaders of his various armies in their enforced retirement, but a steady subordination to the orders of their chief.

Leaving the question of march discipline, which has undoubtedly much tended to the success of our enemy, we find ourselves confronted with a new element in fire practice. The great master of war in one of his maxims says: "Every ten years the march of science would demand a fresh line of tactics". How prophetic! We have already come to recognise that tactics shift with shifting weapons. Under cover of an overpowering stream of lead from numberless machine guns and of the heaviest nature of artillery the masses of German infantry, utterly indifferent to loss, have waded over the bodies of fallen comrades, and literally by sheer weight of numbers have pushed through all opposition. Without a doubt, man for man, gun for gun, horse for horse, we can boldly state that the British Army would have walked through their German opponents, but the solid human wall and the overwhelming pelt of fire from machine and gun have been far too thick to dream of penetration. And who is to blame for placing our men in such a position of exasperating inequality. The nation has declined to find the men, the craven politician to find money for the arms and armament that every soldier knew were requisite. Why, 'tis a bare twelve months since we actually *reduced* our effective artillery in numbers which now no amount of gold will purchase. We have lost, and lost heavily, in missing and prisoners, as must needs be in a protracted rear-guard contest. Germany will most assuredly decline exchange of men for reasons that will justify her. Heavy as has been the sacrifice of men to enable her to gain the triumphs she has won, Germany can replace her losses three-fold. This iron discipline, which does not shrink at facing butcher battles, has utterly upset the conceptions of battle tactics upon which the student mind had based his knowledge from the lessons learnt from the last prolonged war in Manchuria a bare ten years ago. To multiply the mass by the rapidity is now the mathematical factor that leads to victory. What a problem lies before our new Army! The period of war is hardly the time to correct errors in fire tactics, armament or organisation, but, given time and commanders for the making of that Army, we may surely profit by the lessons of failure and sink our pride and learn a little from the foe. If we take the best of the German system and add it to the best of our own we shall assuredly turn the scales and give the German a beat-

ing. No money must be spared to allow our ordnance factories, public and private, to provide in more than adequate numbers the very best material of which the war so far has proved us deficient. We must supply our forces with the means of employing a counter system of fire effect from guns (machine and heavy), which will at least place us on an equality with the foe. The lesson of Namur must not be lost. Guns of the heaviest type, a lesson taught us by the Boers, now prove themselves indispensable. I have been at some length, perhaps, in explaining to lay readers what is the penalty of a faulty strategy and what are the penalties of deficient fire power in battle tactics. In the early days of the campaign in Belgian terrain the superiority of fire power combined with the superiority in numbers was bound to succeed. Upon no troops did the blow fall more heavily than upon our own; for, called upon as our men were to fulfil the duty of twice their promised number, and facing besides the odds of one to three, nothing but a miracle or a superhuman effort could stem the opposing tide. Once the Army was forced through the enclosed country of the Ardennes lying south of the Sambre the hostile fire power would have double effect in the more level terrain that obtains in the champagne plains, and hence the steady backward withdrawal of that portion of the Allied line.

The purpose of the attack is first to establish a superiority in fire power and under cover of this the attacker moves to his task. Rifle fire from long-range machines tactically posted for the purpose, will defeat long-range fire from the individual unless everyone of those individuals is a marksman; and it is in the good handling of the machine that the German has enabled his footmen to hack themselves through our lines of resistance. So firm is this system of fire tactics rooted in the German regulations that fire from the individual is forbidden at ranges over 600 yards; and with the flat trajectory which their weapons possess, the sighting of the rifle is a superfluous duty. It is the unexpected in war that succeeds, and the vast superiority in machine guns and very heavy howitzers brought into the field by our foes has surprised the war staffs of the Allied Armies. But the penalty of the enemy in human loss has been extreme. He begins to realise it, and when by some tactical error the thick line is forced to waver we must await with concern what will happen when his dense columns are pushed back upon the crowd behind them. Will panic overcome a mass, already bereft of its best leaders in a fortnight's battle, when its flank is smitten by fresh forces poured in by the Allies? We must see how the German conducts himself in retreat before giving him full praise as a war machine. The attack is the first lesson of the soldier of all armies, and rightly so; the retreat is the last, and when forces have carried out a masterly retirement in the face of vastly superior numbers we may learn when the tables are turned by an equalisation of numbers how to appraise which is the better army and which possesses the superior methods for war.

THE SITUATION, 10 SEPTEMBER.

The layman may breathe easier at the picture of the disposition of the opposing forces in fair France. He may feel hope returning as report brings news of a movement in advance of our own Army and a bending back of the right flank of the German line. A weakening of the hostile force to convey help to the eastern theatre of the war may be one reason that has caused a slight retrograde movement on this flank of the German line, but the movement may read otherwise. To swallow up the field armies in its front as being the great general plan of advance is proved by the abandonment of any attack on Paris. For this great purpose a horseshoe formation of movement would be necessary for the combined German armies. One horn of the shoe—the eastern—rests firmly on German soil. The western horn, to keep its grip upon French soil, would require what is called a call on that side, and thus prevent the shoe slipping in its steady turn as it

pivots upon the eastern horn. That I surmise is the new form the strategical progressive advance will attempt. Not on French soil does the German director mean to drive back the force contained within the iron arc of his shoe, but upon the neutral soil of Switzerland! What a colossal task! Three strongholds only remain to France in this southern area—Langres, Dijon, and Bézancourt. Will they go down like brown paper before the overpowering fire of 20-in. howitzers as did Lille, La Fère, Laon, Rheims and Maubeuge? Was it hostile gun fire that silenced these fortresses or was it want of gun fire from within? Some sorry disclosures by French Ministers have been made public within the last six months. Let us hope at least that limbers and pouches can be kept filled for a year or two.

The great struggle is just beginning. A backbone of solid English worth of the best of our manhood must be steeled with discipline and trained to take its share in due time in the prolonged contest that must now be faced. Millions must go down before the accursed eagle flag is lowered to the ground, and down to the very dust it must go if peace is ever to be given to the world.

THE EASTERN AREA. REFERENCE MAP, "TIMES,"
8 SEPTEMBER, 1914.

We English are still slumbering. The nation sees no further than across the Channel. It declines to realise that the termination of this gigantic struggle will come not from the direction in which our own forces are acting, but from the East. Our Russian Allies have gained the most pronounced victory of the last forty years, and not a church bell rings for joy, not a flag is hoisted in triumph, not a lamp shines in illumination. What apathy does a full breakfast and a morning paper beget!

The victory of Lemberg, which I foreshadowed in my last letter, has proved a veritable triumph of arms. The roll up of the Austrian forces by the march from the Eastern frontier of the Russian avalanche bids fair to gain in volume as it trails towards Przemysl and on to Cracow. The Hapsburg throne, with its fourteen-fold tribes and nationalities, portends to end its days with the aged Emperor who, by his last act, has written his own death warrant as a monarch. Two objectives—in fact, three—are now presented to the leaders of the Leviathan Power now marching on the path of victory. What a picture of debacle is now preparing for the screen! Buda-Pest: Vienna: Berlin!

MIDDLE ARTICLES.

THE POETRY OF THE WAR.

BY JOHN PALMER.

ALMOST daily since war broke out we have read in the Press verses of varying merit and accomplishment. All these verses are directly inspired by a real sense of the greatness of the time in which we live. They are transparently sincere, uttered with true feeling, and, in some notable instances, inspired with an impeccable taste in epithet and rhythm. Nevertheless it would be foolish to pretend that the great bulk of this current and occasional poetry of the war is immortal literature. We recognise the sincerity of our laureates. We freely admit that we have not the least idea how their verses could be improved. We applaud their craftsmanship. We are sensible in their work of an active literary conscience, purging and refining. Nevertheless we feel that something of the poet's fire has been lost to us in the act of expression. There has been an inspiration; but somehow it has gone astray. We miss the careless rapture of a fine passion naturally vented in song. We are not thrilled by an unpremeditated act of nature, as when we read a poem of Shelley or Browning. We do not feel that the language of the poets who have so bravely set out in these last few weeks to put our English feeling into English verse comes as spontaneously as it should. It seems rather

to baulk them than to express them. When Mr. Henry Newbolt, in a poem entitled "The Vigil", constrains his verse to frame the archaic picture of a fourteenth-century knight watching beside his arms we feel that he is taking us away from the reality of war and valour on the plains of Belgium. He has introduced an irrelevant mediæval figure between us and our need to realise meeting armies of to-day and the instant peril of all we cherish in this modern hour. A similar sense of unreality and thwarted feeling is conveyed by Mr. William Watson and his friends in their insistence upon forms of speech now consecrated to only the most formal poetry. The second person singular is simply a check upon the modern singer. It does not lift or dignify his appeal. It gives it rather an academic air. The second person singular has gone out of the English language. It is a dead device, only tolerable when a sense of remoteness and formality is deliberately intended. Its free use in the poems we have lately been reading in the "Times" and elsewhere raises the same problem suggested by Mr. Newbolt's figure of the knight beside his arms. It raises the old question as to whether poetry is, or should be, a living force aimed at the heart of the people—the familiar friend of our common round from day to day; or whether it should be something scholarly and remote, with forms and syllables of its own, drawing upon the past for its words and metaphors, consciously removing itself from the plane of our everyday life and feeling. Our poets of the war to-day undoubtedly have shared in the general inspiration of our people. They would sing for us all, yet we do not feel that they have succeeded. We feel that language has rather got in their way than helped them to sing as they would wish. We feel that, if we had been moved to utter ourselves aloud, we should not have chosen quite these moods and tenses :

" And thou that hadst no peer,
Nelson ! thou need'st not fear :
Thy sons and heirs are here,
Nor shall they shame their sire."

This is not our vocabulary. These are not living words. They are the words of dead poets who once were able to give them wings. But to-day they do not correspond with the feeling of our hearts. They do not match our vision of this time and place.

The effect of the crisis through which we are now passing must needs be to quicken the poetic impulse. We have been living for some years in an age of careful prose. We have tended to be continually more critical and clever. The lyrical thread in the texture of our literary life has grown extremely thin of late. The modern trend has been towards the analysis of life in detail and away from simple and fundamental things. This movement has now been rudely checked by the present breaking loose, among all people and all classes, of feelings and ideas that belong to every time and race. Love of kind and the soil, primitive heroism, the virtues of war, the joy of victory or endurance in defeat—these are themes for the ballad-singer rather than the critical psychologist. Already the desire to "perform", to execute smart literary evolutions about a given point, is curiously chastened in those who feel the spirit of to-morrow silently at work. The endeavour of our poets to express this sudden impulse towards lyrical simplicity is a sign of the times to be commended and encouraged. We would like to believe that the poems we have lately been reading are the beginnings of a new period in our literature. Certainly we have no desire to belittle the accomplishments of our distinguished laureates or to doubt their will to hearten and inspire us. All honour to the men who give to us of their best at this solemn time ! The comfort of good poetry is above price. Poetry is a companion only to be divorced at our peril. The greatest poetry of the world has often kept us in heart and health of mind when all else seemed to fail. Those to whom poetry is an unreal, professional thing—an odd way of dividing prose into lengths—are cut off from one of the world's purest sources of refreshment. We can only be glad that

the need of poetry is felt by our people, and that our men of letters, prompted by a call in themselves, are sincerely trying to meet that need. The breaking into verse from day to day of our contemporary poets is only another sign of that general renascence in conduct and passion which this great struggle in Europe is effecting in our midst. It is a sign to be welcomed and applauded, rich in promise for the future.

At the same time it must frankly be confessed that poets who have for the most part grown to discretion in another school—there are two conspicuous and easily identifiable exceptions to the assertions of this paragraph—have been wholly taken by surprise by the call of the very different inspiration they are now attempting to obey. The literature which will grow out of this national struggle, as the Greek trilogies grew out of the struggle with Persia, as Shakespeare grew out of the struggle with Philip, as the English romantic poets grew out of the struggle with Napoleon, is now perhaps unknown. It will speak to us in another accent than that of our scholarly poets of to-day. Meantime we already hear a whisper of the literary revolution to come in these sincere efforts of men who have attained to the ripeness of fame under an older dispensation. They are seeking to pour new wine into a vessel that cracks under liquor too fiery to be contained. The poet who unveils for us the agony of Charleroi, who successfully teaches mankind the lesson, deathless in form and vitality, which this present generation is learning now in the hideous suffering of a continent, perhaps is not yet born. Perhaps he will not even sing of war. But we may be sure that he will appear in his own time and way, and that he will confirm the halting syllables of our poets to-day—poets whom this crisis has caught in the study, unprepared and full of the quiet life that has passed. We have lived in a parlour, growing delicate in our art, scrupulously feeling the pulse of our Muse, occupied with subtleties of character, small social refinements, ethical casuistry, remote worries of an induced pathology. This sudden appeal for simple fervour has embarrassed our acknowledged poets. With eyes made brighter for the world because death has come near to us all, and with a sudden energy of soul, they would express for us the new way of life; but the habit of careful speech is too strong for them. This war has fallen upon men whose art is contrived for the lecture hall or the salon; and it has suddenly required them to sing to a world which has become raw malleable stuff for great poets yet unborn, only to be wrought to beautiful and enduring form under the hammers of an inspiration not less than titanic.

Meantime let us at any rate entreat our poets to come out into the common street and grasp us by the hand, even at the cost of a preliminary stammer. Let them discard old metaphors and forms, and talk to us in familiar, household fashion. Browning begins one of his finest poems of war :

" You know we French stormed Ratisbon,
A mile or so away—"

That is the note. The poet takes you at once by the coat. He is going to tell you a quick and burning tale in a tongue that belongs equally to you and to him. Shakespeare, too, though he lived three hundred years ago, still grasps and holds you in immediate contact with the event :—

" O, do but think
You stand upon the rivage and behold
A city on the inconstant billows dancing—
. Follow, follow :
Grapple your minds to sternage of this navy ;
And leave your England, as dead midnight still,
Guarded with gransires, babies, and old women."

Our poets to-day cannot perhaps anticipate the inspiration to be drawn in future years from events now passing; but they can step down to us from their formal pediments; talk to us in the vein of the first four words of these quoted passages; discard for ever the formal dignity of a mediæval address and of an imagery consecrated by tradition. But if they cannot

do this—if habit and association be too strong for them—let us still be thankful for the hearts that feel the call to serve us in some poetic way. We must have no sympathy at all with those who have no desire to be warmed at the poetic fire; who too easily have sneered at those who now are seeking to cheer us on our way.

THE PRUSSIANS AT GRÉZ.

[BY A RESIDENT.]

FROM the café-garden of Reclos, perched on a rock at the very summit of a fairly high hill in the forest of Fontainebleau, one sees a floor of tree-tops, undulating gently in the breeze like the sea, now and again a bigger wave beginning its course far away where the wind first strikes the flat green surface, and, coming steadily on to the edge of the forest nearly under our feet, where it does not break, but disappears. Blue smoke curling up from invisible clearings tell that here and there little happy farmhouses stand hidden—hidden so closely that when you walk in the wood there is no hint of their existence until you step out of a shaded green alley and are upon them. Thin, indistinct clouds of brownish smoke further away give you the position of Fontainebleau on the one hand and Nemours on the other. Down in the valley far beneath more vague smoke, sometimes grey, sometimes bluish, may indicate the villages of Bourron, Gréz-sur-Loing, and even Moncourt; between the second and third runs the river Loing—runs? dawdles, banked by swaying reeds and rushes, and nettles and mint, and all manner of wild flowers. A few hundred yards above Gréz the water has lazily tumbled over a dam about 4 ft. high; lower down are two higher dams by which the stream is tricked into turning a mill where all the wheat of the countryside is ground. In the winter we have fine floods; from higher up the news is flashed from village to village that the big waters are coming, and we make preparations—as well we may, for in 1900, after the waters had rolled down to join the Seine at Moret and to rush through Melun and Paris to the sea, the curé's boat was found in a field more than two miles away. But at this season we have no leaping cataracts, and for miles the flat country is green or golden with crops and all is peace. Bees hum; pleasant laughter comes from the women beating their clothes to fragments by the riverside with the aid of villainous eau-de-javelle; the blacksmith's hammer clinks; and a brave, contented, amiable folk go about their labours. That was last year: this September the veterans will be looking gloomy and talking of 1870 and '71. *Les Prusses sont arrivés.*

Les Prusses sont arrivés, indeed. I have been studying maps and photographs, and it is impossible to see what *les Prusses* can want in Gréz. It is not on their route to Paris; there are many better ways—I could show them some myself. But the Prussian has his ideas of war. He started with a destination in view, and he means to leave his vile traces behind him all the way. I cannot say what is occurring there to-day and what may occur to-morrow, but I can tell the reader something of what occurred yesterday—in '71. Long before this war was dreamt of I heard the story of "la guerre" from MM. B— and C— and Mme. C—: we used to talk about it over the wood fire of winter evenings. The ways of warfare as defined by von Bernhardi were practised in 1871 as they are practised to-day. In '71 the Germans came up the valley of the Loing, leaving behind them at Glandelles, Soupes, and a hundred other villages traces of their culture. They arrived at last at Nemours, then at Moncourt, Fromonville, and the smaller villages round about Bourron. Then the deluge commenced. Robert Louis Stevenson was there, and, I believe, Dr. Jameson. There were also in the village some hundreds of refugees flying from Bismarck's missionaries of North German culture. Mme. C— put them all up. She told lies about them. She fed them—and I hope when this war is concluded that the Allied Government

will recognise her services better than was done by the French Government of '71.

The Prussians had to wade through three feet of water—and when they got into Gréz they soon made themselves comfortable quarters and dried their feet. They took possession of every house. The Maison du Crime was not then so named, but they took it and ate everything eatable in it. The seized the local mill; they ground the corn and made bread of the flour—and ate it; when they had finished there was not a crust left in the place. I think it is a literal fact that when they left the villagers subsisted for weeks on sour dockings and rotten potatoes. In 1899 I was shown a cock which was supposed to have survived the universal carnage; but that story I took leave not to accept. But if to-day you ask men of fifty there what they remember they shudder. At Montigny, finding no wine, the Prussians smashed the village cider-press; they destroyed a bridge where the stream is only a foot deep, and so inflicted the humiliation on the French of wetting their feet when they wanted to cross. The whole countryside is filled to-day with stories of their wanton deeds of foolish destruction.

But we may turn to another side of the picture. It is against the Prussian officers—the masters of the "machine"—that Gréz, Moncourt, Marlotte, and Montigny cherish the notion of *la revanche*. At the present moment, when we are hearing nothing but evil spoken of the German troops, it consoles me a little to remember that during lengthy sojourns in this part of the country I never heard words so bad spoken about the common soldiery. They quartered themselves upon the inhabitants, it is true, and they ate all that could be eaten. But Madame has told me of how the soldiers nursed her baby while she boiled potatoes for them; and another Madame has spoken of how they carried her invalid husband into the sunshine, and after they had looted the little shops shared their stolen tobacco with him. In more than one cottage you will find rude drawings signed honest Fritz Something, with the invader's kind regards and thanks for the services rendered him. War plays havoc with a nation, and there are plenty of stories of needless bloodshed which I could relate; but we have enough of these to-day, and I need not go back forty years to augment the stock. The villagers did their best not to draw upon themselves the wrath of impatient generals anxious to get on to the more precious prize of Paris. The inhabitants of Nemours came out and hewed down the poplars that line the Route Nationale; the inhabitants of—shall I name it? No; but certain people came out and took the trunks out of the way. So they earned a precarious safety; but it is fair to them to remember that though they can tell you horrible stories of misdoings they can still speak what good may be spoken of their conquerors. The Germans in '71 had not yet heard of General von Bernhardi.

TWO FRIENDS.*

TRANSLATED FROM GUY DE MAUPASSANT.

BY ALEC CLARK.

PARIS was besieged and famished, struggling in her death agony. Few sparrows were left on the housetops, and the rats of the sewers were vanishing: people were feeding on anything they could obtain.

M. Morisset, a watchmaker by profession, but called by the situation to serve as a volunteer, was walking sadly along the outer boulevard one bright January morning, with his stomach empty and his hands thrust into the pockets of his uniform. He stopped short before a comrade in arms in whom he recognised a friend. It was M. Dufour, a riverside acquaintance.

* This story—one of the most consummate by perhaps the greatest master of short stories—appeared some years ago in the SATURDAY REVIEW. We reprint it as being particularly apposite just now.

Every Sunday before the war Morisset had set out at daybreak with a bamboo rod in his hand and a tin box on his back. He took the Argenteuil train to Colombes, then went on foot to the eyot at Marante. Arrived at this scene of his dreams, he began to fish; and he continued fishing till nightfall.

Every Sunday he met there a round and jovial little man, M. Dufour, the draper of Rue Notre-Dame-de-Lorette, like himself an enthusiast of the fishing-rod. They often spent half the day side by side, with the line in their hands and their feet dangling over the stream, and they had struck up a friendship.

Sometimes they talked; sometimes they passed the whole day without a word. But their companionship was complete without any need of words, for their tastes were alike and their feelings the same.

Sometimes on a spring morning when the sun came out in restored youth, covered the tranquil river with a light vapour which floated down with the current, and poured on the backs of the two enraptured fishers the genial warmth of the new season, Morisset would say to his neighbour, "Glorious, isn't it?" and Dufour would reply, "There is nothing like it in the world". And without needing to say more each understood and esteemed the other.

And in autumn, at the close of day, when the sky, blood-red as the sun was setting, threw on the water reflections of scarlet clouds, flooded the whole stream with purple light, showed a band of flame along the horizon, made patches red like fire or shone golden on the trees already russet and shivering at the approach of winter, M. Dufour would turn to Morisset with a smile, saying, "What a gorgeous sight!" And Morisset, still keeping eyes fixed on his float, would reply with a rapturous "Ah! this is better than the boulevards; eh, old friend?"

As soon as the two friends recognised one another they vigorously shook hands; the meeting in such altered circumstances filled them with emotion. M. Dufour, with a sigh, said, "What dreadful things have been happening!" Morisset groaned in yet deeper dejection, "And what weather! This is the first fine day of the year".

The sky was indeed quite blue and full of brightness.

They began to walk side by side, gloomy and pre-occupied. Morisset continued: "Remember our fishing, eh? That's one pleasant memory".

"When shall we do any more?" asked Dufour.

They entered a little café and took an absinthe together. Then they returned to their walk along the boulevard. Morisset suddenly stopped. "Another drop, eh?" M. Dufour agreed, "I'm with you", and they went into another wineshop.

Their heads were turned a little when they came out, for fasting men are easily affected by alcohol. A caressing breeze played on their faces, and the warm air sent the absinthe yet more to M. Dufour's head. "Suppose we went there?" he asked, pausing to give his words weight.

"Where?"

"Why, to our fishing."

"But where?"

"To our island, of course. The French outposts are near Colombes. I know Colonel Dumoulin, and they will let us pass without difficulty."

A quiver of desire ran through Morisset. "Right you are," he said, "I am game"; and they parted to go for their tackle.

An hour later they were marching side by side along the high road. Then they gained the villa where the Colonel was installed. He smiled at their request and acceded to their whim. They renewed their march, furnished with a passport. Soon they passed the outposts, crossed the deserted region of Colombes, and arrived at some little vineyards which sloped down towards the Seine. It was about eleven o'clock.

Across the river was Argenteuil, like a dead village. The heights of Orgemont and Sannois dominated the entire region, and the great plain which extends to

Nanterre was empty, absolutely empty save for its naked fruit-trees.

M. Dufour pointed to the hill crests. "The Prussians are up there!" he said; and an uneasy feeling paralysed the two friends as they looked upon the deserted country.

The Prussians! They had never seen one, but for months they had felt the presence of the enemy, pressing around Paris, ruining France, unseen but all-powerful, bringing pillage, slaughter and starvation. And a kind of superstitious terror was added to the hatred which they felt for this unknown and victorious people.

"I say," faltered Morisset, "what if we met them?"

M. Dufour replied, with that Parisian love of joking which nothing can repress, "We would offer them a fry of fish".

But the silence which reigned around intimidated them, and they hesitated to venture into the country.

At last M. Dufour made up his mind. "Come! Quick march! But let us go carefully." Then, crouching and bent double, with unquiet eyes and ears alert, they crept down through a vineyard, keeping hidden behind the vines. A strip of open land remained to be crossed before they could gain the riverside. They quickened into a run; then, as soon as they had reached the bank, they plunged for hiding among the dry reeds. Morisset put his ear to the earth to listen for any sound of marching in the neighbourhood. They heard nothing. They were alone, absolutely alone.

Feeling reassured, they began to fish.

Facing them was the deserted Isle of Marante, which concealed the opposite bank from their view. The little restaurant was closed and looked as though it had not been inhabited for years.

M. Dufour took the first gudgeon. Morisset caught the second; and from moment to moment they whisked back their rods with a little silvery fish quivering at the end of the line. It was truly a miraculous haul. They carefully put the fish into a fine-meshed net bag which was waiting at their feet. A delicious joy penetrated them, the joy which seizes one who has found again a favourite pleasure of which he has long been deprived.

The bright sun poured his warm rays on their shoulders; they no longer heard anything, thought of anything; they had forgotten all else in the world; they were fishing.

But suddenly the earth trembled with a dull sound which seemed to come from underground. The thunder of the guns had begun anew.

Morisset turned his head. Over the steep river bank he saw, away to the left, the huge bulk of Mont-Valerien. From it arose, like a white plume, the smoke which a cannon had just belched forth. At the same instant a second puff of smoke shot out from the ridge of the fort, and a few seconds later a new thunder roared. Others followed, and from moment to moment the mountain hurled forth its message of death and breathed out heavy white vapours which rose gently through the clear air and made a cloud above the fortress.

M. Dufour shrugged his shoulders. "They are at it again", he said.

Morisset was anxiously regarding the feather of his float as it bobbed up and down. He was suddenly filled with rage, the anger of a man of peace against the madmen who were thus fighting. "People must be lunatics", he growled, "to kill one another in this fashion".

"Worse than wild beasts", replied M. Dufour.

Morisset, who had just taken a bleak, declared: "And it will always be like this so long as there are Governments".

M. Dufour interrupted: "The Republic would not have declared war——"; but Morisset broke in: "With the kings we were always fighting abroad; with the Republic we have war in our own country".

They entered calmly upon a discussion, examining profound questions of policy with the wholesome reason of gentle and temperate men. They agreed upon one

point, that men would never attain freedom. And Mont-Valerien thundered unrestingly, wrecking French houses with French shells, scattering death, pounding men to shapeless pulp; cutting short countless dreams, countless expected joys, countless hopes of happiness; and, in that other land across the borders, filling the hearts of wives and mothers and maidens with sorrows which know no end.

"Such is life", said M. Dufour.

"Say, rather, that such is death", replied Morisset, laughing at his play on the words.

All at once they became aware that someone had been marching and had halted behind them. They trembled with sudden alarm. Turning their eyes, they saw four men standing at their shoulders; four huge, armed, and bearded men, clad like domestics in livery, and wearing flat caps. Their four rifles were pointed at the two Frenchmen.

The fishing-rods slipped from their hands and floated downstream. In a few seconds the fishers were seized, pinioned, borne away, thrown into a boat, and rowed across to the isle. Behind the house, which they had believed to be abandoned, they saw a score of German soldiers.

A sort of hairy giant, seated astraddle on a chair and smoking a long porcelain pipe, demanded in excellent French, "Well, gentlemen, have you had a good catch?"

A soldier stepped forward and laid at the feet of the officer the netful of fish, which he had been careful to bring away. The Prussian smiled: "Ah! I see you have not done so badly. But we have other business on hand. Listen to me, and do not be alarmed.

"So far as I am concerned, you are two spies who have been sent-out to watch me. I capture you and shoot you. You have been pretending to fish, the better to conceal your projects. You have fallen into my hands; so much the worse for you. That is the fortune of war.

"But since you have come out past the outposts, you must certainly have the password for your return. Give me this password, and I give you your lives."

The two friends stood side by side. They were livid, and their hands were twitching slightly with nervous tremors. Both were silent.

The officer continued: "No one will ever know. You will return unharmed and the secret will vanish with you. If you refuse, it is death—instant death. Make your choice".

They remained motionless, without opening their mouths.

The Prussian, with unvarying placidity, stretched out his hand towards the river. "Consider", he began again, "that within five minutes you will be at the bottom of that water. Within five minutes! You both have relatives, I presume?"

Mont-Valerien thundered unceasingly.

The two friends remained silently standing. The German gave some orders in his own language. Then he moved away his chair, so as not to remain too near the prisoners; and twelve men came to stand at "attention", twenty paces away. The officer spoke again: "I give you one minute, and not a second more".

Then he suddenly arose, drew near to the two Frenchmen, took Morisset by the arm, dragged him away, and said to him in a low voice: "Quick! the password? Your comrade will know nothing; I shall simply pretend to relent".

Morisset made no reply.

The Prussian then drew M. Dufour aside and spoke to him in the same terms. M. Dufour made no reply.

The two friends stood once more side by side. The officer gave some commands. The soldiers presented arms. Then Morisset's glance fell by chance on the string of gudgeon which lay on the grass a few feet from him. The fish were still quivering, and a ray of sunlight glittered on them. A sudden weakness overcame Morisset, and, in spite of his efforts, his eyes filled with tears. He faltered: "Farewell, Monsieur Dufour".

M. Dufour replied: "Farewell, Monsieur Morisset". They gripped each other by the hand, shaken from head to foot by irrepressible tremors.

The officer cried "Fire!" and twelve shots rang out like one. M. Dufour fell at once, face downwards. Morisset, the taller man, swayed, swung round, and fell across the body of his comrade. His face was turned to the skies, and gouts of blood oozed out through where the breast of his tunic was pierced.

The German gave fresh orders, and his men disappeared. Then they returned with ropes and stones, which they tied to the feet of the two dead men, afterwards bearing the bodies to the river-brink.

Mont-Valerien roared without pause: the fort was now surmounted by a mountain of smoke.

Two soldiers took Morisset by the head and the feet; two others took M. Dufour in the same way. One strong swing, then the bodies were thrown far out. They described a curve, then plunged, straight up, into the water, the stones dragging the feet in first. The water splashed up, bubbled, quivered, and then was calm again, though some wavelets rippled out to the banks. A little blood floated on the surface.

The officer, with unruffled serenity, said quietly, "This time the fish have their turn".

Then he returned towards the house. Suddenly he saw the string bag of gudgeon on the grass before him. He picked them up, examined them, and smiled. "Wilhelm!" he cried.

A white-aproned soldier ran up. The Prussian threw him the dead men's catch, and commanded: "Have me these little creatures fried at once, while they are still alive. They will be delicious".

Then he went on smoking his porcelain pipe.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A DUTCH CRITIC AND FRIEND.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Lausanne,

29 August 1914.

SIR,—The well-meaning self-criticism wherein certain British and French publicists indulge to a rather exaggerated extent is undoubtedly a mark of high national culture and raises British and French civilisation well above the civilisation of new-come countries like America or Germany, where the self-adulatory style is universally popular. Indeed, little harm, if harm at all, would be done by this searching of the nation's heart, and this somewhat morbid tendency to self-reproach and self-depreciation to which all great mystics seem to have been prone, if these utterances could be reserved for the inner chamber or at least for the family circle. No doubt but modern Britain has benefited by the lashes of Thackeray's satire. Nevertheless it is certain that abroad this very satire has considerably damaged the reputation of Britain. Over and over again have I observed how abroad Thackeray's very necessary exaggerations of certain types are being generalised into the characteristic type of the Britisher. Likewise it is a fact that quite unintentionally a certain section of British journalists mislead the foreigner. It is their fault that commonly in the Netherlands and Germany and Austria, and not uncommonly in Italy and the United States, and even in your own colonies, the British nation is supposed to be effete and decadent! Reserve is a British virtue, perhaps the most British of all your virtues. Here, then, if anywhere, you have occasion for practising it. Public opinion, also foreign public opinion, is worth something, and not only politically and economically. But you have a great deal of lost ground to recover, for during two decades Germany has been slandering you all through the world systematically, methodically, like everything is done in Germany. As a Dutchman I am thinking more especially of the Netherlands. To your very next-door neighbours Britain still remains, even increasingly so, "L'ile inconnue", the island of legend and impossible stories, a Never-Never Land. Make yourselves known and you will be appreciated, esteemed, loved. This has been my experience; and it has

been the experience of many of my friends, several of whom I have intentionally lured across the water, knowing that they need but see John Bull at home in order to become Anglophiles. Make yourselves known to Holland, but, taking a very good leaf out of Germany's book, do so methodically and systematically. You have two heavy odds against you. The first is 1830, when Britain, after at Vienna having placed the Southern Netherlands under the rule of Orange, sided against Orange as soon as his Belgian subjects revolted against him and even after they had been subdued by him. The other odd is that unfortunate and unnecessary *hors-d'œuvre* (forgive me!) the Boer War. Now, however, is your chance, now Britain can come to her own again, renewing the excellent policy of William III. and of Sir William Temple. "We must do nothing to fete the purity of our cause," you say. Indeed, Sir, this is the first and great commandment. And after that is there no means for bringing the British national Press into more intimate relationship with the Dutch national Press—the press that is of those who, like yourself, in parliamentary politics belong to the "Droite"? It should be all the easier now that the German spell, the spell of the "Koelnische Zeitung", *e tutti quanti*, has, at least momentarily, been wafted away. It is largely a case of nearness, not distance, lending enchantment. Cologne news reaches the Dutch centres before London news. Therefore come over and help us—help us to join the ends of the thread that has been broken, the thread that was spun in the days of our glory when Britain and Holland fought side by side for political freedom and constitutional progress. I for one am convinced that had Britain been known to the Dutch nation as she really is the Netherlands would not have been slow to take sides in the present conflict, but they too would have sallied forth to the assistance of their southern brothers. And the great battle would have been fought not on the Franco-Belgian frontier, but along the line of the Belgian Maas, and much harm would have been prevented.

Yours faithfully,
I. I. BRANTS.

THE LAST TRAIN FROM GENEVA TO LONDON,
29 AUGUST 1914.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—The last of the twenty Government trains arranged after the declaration of war by the English, Swiss and French Governments to convey back the imprisoned 18,000 British subjects shut up in Switzerland left Geneva on 29 August at 2 p.m., having a hearty and helpful send-off, by the aid of the excellent Swiss Scouts, who took the place of the porters, called out by the war, at the station.

Lyon was reached at 5 p.m., where 3,000 people were on the platform to receive us, singing our National Anthem and their own, also the Russian and Belgian. We had the Union Jack flying from our engine, and every window was filled with French and English flags. The deep sense of gratitude expressed by these people for England's help cannot be conveyed on paper, one lady in deep mourning carrying a huge bunch of roses had travelled for two hours to meet our train, she had just lost her only son in the war, but still she wanted to thank the English nation for coming to their help, and she asked one English lady to convey her thanks to the nation; for every British soldier who had left these shores has brought honour and glory to his country by his unflinching courage and uprightness of character: has won the undying gratitude and admiration of the French people.

But French crowds are very emotional, and before we left they had changed into a cheering mad crowd who delayed our departure for half an hour by their frantic demonstrations of gratitude, pinning their tricolour on us and wringing and kissing our hands as the train steamed slowly out, till our wrists feel slightly dislocated to this day. Our pace was only at the best fifteen miles an hour, the regulation time and speed under martial law.

All through the night we kept on being held up by long trains of wounded coming back from the front. These were sights to sicken the strongest, for not only were the men wounded, but they looked half insane, blinded and shattered by the dreadful German shells. They looked like living corpses. To these we could only wave sympathetically, and they even tried to return our greetings; but every old man and woman working in the fields and the children we cheered with our waving flags and "Vive la France!" The old people who had lived through the war of 1870 cheered us as we passed, calling upon God to bless "L'Anglais". We stopped at every station to water our single engine, and so had plenty of opportunity to talk to the soldiers, of whom there were always some present. They told us with horror in their faces of the cruelties performed by "Les Allemands" (the Germans). They themselves could hardly believe the stories. Some were sad and heartbroken. "We went out 2,000 strong from here two weeks ago; we return 200", and so on. How could we cheer them? Hospitals shelled, Red Cross nurses fired on, Maxim guns put in Red Cross wagons, churches filled with women and children and then fired! A Swiss scout boy had his ears cut off and was then sent back to his people!

Everywhere ladies in Red Cross uniforms were on the stations ready to help the soldiers marching through with refreshments and shelter for the night, generally a waiting-room turned into a temporary "infirmary".

We arrived at Paris, Gare de Lyon, at 2.30 p.m., were received by the excellent Chamber of Commerce and enjoyed the tea arranged for us, for we had to live on what we could get in addition to our sandwiches. Paris was subdued, but otherwise calm; the station thronged with refugees from the country. Here we had the same demonstrations of gratitude shown us as at Lyon; and the soldiers even ripped off their buttons to give us as souvenirs, their officers, of course, sanctioning it. I have one on my watch chain now. I gave my last Union Jack I had worn in my hat to a soldier here. Whilst walking about Paris for half an hour I was much struck by the respect paid to this flag in my hat; it was even saluted and was a pass for me and my friend where others had to show tickets and passports.

We left Paris by the Gare St. Lazare, where we just missed the first train of English wounded being sent back, but the Red Cross nurses told me that they were not wounded grievously, only in the hands and feet, and such was the case.

We reached Dieppe at 10 p.m., and had to wait for daylight before crossing, on account of mines, etc. The Channel was strangely deserted. We only saw one steamer, which fled from us, and then the cruiser at Folkestone to welcome us exiles back to "Old England", where we for the last six weeks had been praying to be.

Yours, etc.,
THORA A. G. MILLER.

"AN ARGUMENT AGAINST REVENGE."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Moor Park, Rickmansworth,

9 September 1914.

SIR,—I have just read in your last issue an article headed "An Argument Against Revenge", by Bishop Frodsham, and as I read my astonishment grew. It had not occurred to me before that it was within a bishop's province to find flimsy excuses on behalf of those who invoke God's name for the Devil's purposes. Moreover, our Church teaches us that the God of Justice only becomes the God of Mercy conditionally upon the sinner's repentance, and that it is wrong to appeal to that mercy for those who not only violate but glory in the violation of explicit divine commands.

As to the question of revenge, it has not yet arisen; when it does the bishop's advice will be more to the purpose.

Yours faithfully,
EBURY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Conservative Club, St. James's Street, S.W.

SIR,—I welcome—and I know that many other regular readers of the SATURDAY REVIEW must likewise welcome—Bishop Frodsham's article in last Saturday's issue, entitled "An Argument Against Revenge". I welcome it not alone because of its quiet and humane tone, but because of its practical common-sense. Our business is to keep cool and collected—to keep, if I may be allowed the expressive vulgarism, "our hair on". It is not business to indulge in rhetorical nonsense about breaking the Kaiser's sword over his back and sending him to St. Helena—that is merely killing the Kaiser with one's mouth.

We want, and we intend, to smash utterly and for ever the evil power of Potsdam. This can only be done by coolly concentrating on the work of creating a very strong army to drive the Germans out of France and finally subdue their country utterly. We do not want to "revenge" ourselves on the Germans. There is no sense in that. We want to crush out their power for evil against the British Empire once and for all. Let us, therefore—bishops and all—concentrate with our whole will-power on getting more recruits; on preventing and relieving distress in the country so far as we can; and on pouring the whole of our national resources into the work of beating the German aggression.

We want to work in the spirit of Sir John French and Lord Kitchener; they are never weakly violent in their language or their actions; but firm, humane, cool, and chivalrous. That is why they inspire us all with confidence.

Yours faithfully,

A SOLDIER'S SON.

THE WAR AND THE WASTERS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Broadstairs,

8 September 1914.

SIR,—This seaside resort is full of able-bodied men of the type Lord Kitchener is seeking. They bathe in the morning, smoke and listen to the niggers in the afternoon, and smoke and loll in deck chairs round the bandstand in the evening; girls hang on each arm and have apparently persuaded them not to enlist.

One of these loafers remarked last week that it was a bore to stand while the National Anthem was played, and that he would as soon be a subject of the Kaiser as of our King.

One can only hope that, when the war is over, all who had insufficient reasons for declining to enlist will be dismissed their employments and deported to whatever is left of Prussia.

M.A.

THE POETRY OF THE WAR.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

The British Museum,

3 September 1914.

SIR,—The poetry of the war would be better at once if the poets who are turning it out with industry and sincere feeling would recognise that certain poetical words and expressions should be made only an exceedingly sparing use of. If they would refrain from, for example, "hath"-ing, "'tis"-ing, "ye"-ing, and substitute instead the ordinary working words and expressions such as "has", "it is", "you", the result would be much more satisfactory. "Hath", "'tis", "ye", and so on, are old-fashioned and traditional forms, beautiful undoubtedly in their way and as used by the great bards, but tending to-day to ridicule when employed in haste by writers who—though cultivated and sincere—have not, to tell the truth, the faculty divine. 'Tis-ing, hath-ing, and ye-ing, in the extravagant manner in which they are being scattered about just now, invite a coarse, but I fear almost excusable, guffaw from clumsy numbskulls and Philistines, who distrust and make light of poetry generally, of the most glorious gift to man; and

the same frayed and faded preciosities distress many of us who, like the writer, find good and great poetry one of the absolute necessities of their daily existence; to whom Wordsworth and Coleridge, Keats, Arnold, Browning, Shakespeare, Tennyson, Spenser, Shelley, Rossetti, and a score of others, are the staff of life, spiritually. It is satisfactory to notice that Mr. Ralph Hodgson, the author of "Eve", "A Song of Honour", and of other verses, which have appeared in the SATURDAY REVIEW from time to time of late years—and have come to be recognised by those who know and understand the art as the best verses now written by any Englishman—has not slipped into the error made by men quite as cultivated and quite as earnest as himself, though not gifted, as it happens, by a muse so clear and pure as his.

Yours faithfully,
A READER OF POETRY.

SERVING THROUGH DEATH.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

6 September 1914.

SIR,—The fine sentence, "The gallant soldiers who have given their lives are now in death still serving their country", which appears in your "Notes of the Week" of 5 September, recalls a conversation I had with a Japanese friend at the time of the Russo-Japanese War. We were discussing the question of surrender in war. I maintained that a commander driven into a corner by the enemy could surrender with all honour, provided always he were fully satisfied that further resistance could bring no advantage to his side. My friend disagreed; in such a case he should die, deliberately by his own hand or by that of the enemy. I argued that surrender would enable the commander and his men eventually to serve their country again, and serve it well as men experienced in war. "Yes", he replied, "that is so. But your men are of no further use till the war is ended; ours are of use to us again, *at once*". The full meaning of his remark I never understood, but without doubt he would have concurred in what you have said as quoted above.

Yours faithfully,
G. V. R. (Royal Navy).

THE NATIONAL RELIEF FUND.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—The interest on £1,000,000 at only 3 per cent. is £30,000 per annum, or about £2,500 a month. This should go a long way towards paying the expenses of distribution. It is to be hoped that the Fund will get the full benefit of the interest.

Your obedient servant,

H.

RUSSIA OUR GREAT ALLY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—A thousand thanks for all you have written so opportunely about Russia. The Czar's offer of autonomy for Poland is sincere: he has seized the psychological moment to offer the righting of a great wrong. Only the great can dare to publish their past errors. "Russia is great enough in the act of making war to stand forth as a penitent in the sight of Europe." And what of after international peace? The Czar stands first amongst those rulers who desire it. Russia, all through the fifties, paid interest on her debt to England, with whom she was at war. Let Poland live again, and not only shall international law be again held sacred, but a barrier will stand against any breach by the Anarchist of Europe.

Your obedient servant,
F. C. CONSTABLE.

The Editor of The SATURDAY REVIEW cannot be responsible for manuscripts submitted to him; but if such manuscripts are accompanied by stamped addressed envelopes every effort will be made to return them.

REVIEWS.

THE EASTERN STORY-TELLER.
(SECOND REVIEW.)

"The Indian Stories of F. W. Bain." The Medici Society. 10 vols. £6 net.

THE sun goes down for those alone who stand on a revolving sphere: and so, in Nature's universal life, Death is but a dissolving view, a word without a meaning; real only to the accidental unit, to whose local and momentary combination it sets a term. Death is a thing of nought, phenomenal, kaleidoscopic: a juggle of the Mother of Illusion, Prakriti or Maya, whose magic scene not only never dies, but, like her own wild animals, sleeps even with an open eye."

To us who live intensely individual lives, trembling with excitement at their every turn, this is a hard saying that Mr. Bain has given us, yet it is the very essence of an Indian's philosophy. After all, we, who belong to a younger branch of the same Aryan race, are still infants, eager and curious, and these others are so old. When the deeds of their first heroes had been wrought, and their simple faith given its first expression, it would seem as though nothing had been left them but to imitate, to adorn, and often to exaggerate. The chance of change, quickening and inspiring, was not given. "Quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus" is the sentiment which has ruled and to an extent stultified the Hindu mind for more centuries than the English can count in their history. Perhaps an early home at the foot of the heaven-piercing Himalayas rooted in them their notions of reverence and stability; perhaps later gained riches of the sun-ripened plains were a prohibition to further enterprise. At least it is certain that the East gives forth no new themes, but perpetually embroiders the old ones. It is the piling of jewel on jewel, colour on colour, device on device, so that the poor little maiden idea often needs some finding under the gorgeous weight of her adornment.

Mr. Bain would have been no true interpreter of India had his stories lacked anything in their scheme of decoration. They are replete with glittering images and fanciful conceits. "A Heifer of the Dawn", he has most aptly named an anthology, for the whole thing is, in fact, nothing but a mass of lovely blossoms around which the bees, who form the Love-God's bowstring, cluster to draw honey. Such dalliance suggests to the Western mind more artistry than art. In its multiplication of beauties description never knows where to cease. There is, in particular, a passage in another tale where the writer has given in a line one of the most sensuously exquisite visions of woman that literature can show, and yet, before the passage is ended, she has been made to seem almost trumpery. "Her lovely limbs", we read, "were half revealed and half concealed by the folds of her robe of silver muslin, as the moonlit mist that rises from the spray at Gangotri both hides and shows the rocks over which the water flows; and she had bare feet and heavy gold anklets, and great gold bangles that made her little hands look smaller, and jewelled armlets that encircled her arms just above the elbow, making those round arms seem even rounder than before, and a string of gold pearls round her neck, and one great grass-green emerald in her jet-black hair".

Anklets, bangles, jewellery, these can only be the lures for sadly jaded fancies, and the Indian Venus is too much bedecked for our liking. Still stranger to us are those footnotes in which the writer suggests how the Kathaka—the story-teller of the East—makes sport with words, adding to the simple phrase some esoteric meaning. In our language there is nothing to approach it; it is neither more nor less than the apotheosis of the pun. To avoid impatience we must gain the sympathy of knowledge. If birth and death are but doors in a single room of the vast house of life, if love is but a fruit of brief lusciousness, there may, indeed, be little in the world about which to

trouble or even to rejoice. When we come to the end of the story of "A Digit of the Moon" it does not appear in the least tragic that the sleeping lovers are smitten by the god, for we read that they are to meet again, "to be husband and wife in another birth". Equally unimportant is the fate of the wanderer in another tale, who, having dared to look upon divinity, is hurled to awful death; his soul "instantly returned to earth", and he became a poet. So much that is to us the subject of high debate was settled—perhaps immutably settled—for the East at a time when we had scarcely emerged from our first lusty, heedless, barbarism. What wonder that they are tired of discussion, touching problems only to turn them with some peculiar wit? And if all the tales are told, and all the glory is in memory, what is there to do but embellish them with tricksy craft?

Under all the embroidery there is, however, a wisdom which nothing can alter. For all the difference in his methods, the Eastern story-teller can show kinship, ancestry, to the thought of our own race and time when the kernel of his narrative is revealed. That very succession of lives in which he believes, that endless chain of rewards and punishments, all tending, as he hopes, towards "emancipation", is something towards which, as Mr. Bain points out in one of his prefaces, our sober science is approaching. The inquisitive, sceptical, West is to-day reproducing the ancient Hindu idea that no action, good or bad, can ever be lost. For ourselves we may have immortality; but we are coming to realise that immortality is simply thrust upon us in our children. Perhaps when this thought has become a little less vague to us, when we have got it not only by heart but at heart, we shall be able to accept more honestly the saying that "Death is but a dissolving view, a word without a meaning". Let us hope that the collapse of our keen particularism will not land us also in indifferentism. Let us hope that it will not leave us with no distractions save those of playthings and gewgaws.

In that game of questions and answers which makes the chief entertainment in Mr. Bain's story of "A Digit of the Moon" stereotyped replies are given and accepted for problems of appalling depth, but the mind grows agile when there are trifles at stake. The solving of the puzzle of the Brahmans and the cows is a delightful piece of arithmetical conjuring, and is such a notable departure from cut-and-dried methods that we must retail it here. Once upon a time, it is written, a father left nineteen cows to his sons, of which the eldest was to take half, the second a quarter, and the youngest a fifth; any portion left over was to be eaten. Here, then, is a terrible difficulty, for to kill, let alone to eat, one of the animals would be a mortal sin, yet there is a solution, as is presently shown. Let the sons first borrow one cow from a friend; let them then do three sums in simple division; finally, let them return the borrowed beast, and all will have been done in order. The conundrum may be passed with a smile, but it is surely an index to a type of mind—a mind cramped on every side but one, and only able to make its escape by way of casuistry. Mr. Bain's picture of an old, world-weary, race seems complete in every detail. We have its wisdom and its futility set side by side in perpetual contrast. The amazing gracefulness of its art is seen along with its tendency to superfluous adornment. Airy flights of fancy make strange mock of purely mechanical construction, and we see, too, how a closely personal and elaborated religion has been reduced to its lowest terms of bargaining. Behind it all, fantastic and overwhelming, is the panorama of India, not the Anglicised land of Simla and Calcutta, of soldier, civil servant, and merchant, but the India which is a true though transcendental vision of "Gods and peacocks, creepers, lotuses, clouds and pools and skies and seas, elephants and maiden's glances". And sometimes, deeply and awfully significant, we catch in our ears the throbbing beat of "the drums of the desert" in their madness of pursuit.

THE GERMAN IDEA.

"Germany and England." By Prof. J. A. Cramb. Murray. 2s. 6d. net.

WE have frequently insisted that the war in which we are now engaged is not a war with a few officers of the Prussian military caste. It is a war with the German nation. The invasion of Belgium by Germany was a national act. We must disabuse ourselves of the idea that we are fighting a herd of terrified and peaceable folk, driven on to the guns of France and England at the point of its officers' swords. The heart of Germany is in this business. Germany is fighting for ideas that have been for almost a generation drilled into large masses of her people by historians, political orators, and lecturers. Till these ideas have perished on the battlefield there will be no faltering of our enemy. It would be folly to count on misgiving or mutiny in the German ranks as a possible factor of the war. The German people is, on the whole, united and resolute. Germany today has "disguised fair nature with hard-favoured rage" in obedience to doctrines which utterly possess the minds of her people. These doctrines have to be exposed and beaten down. We have to prove, with arms in our hands, that they are evil doctrines. Till we have done so we may be very sure that the Germans will not apostatise. They have a creed which has bitten deep into their souls.

It is easy to see how the legend arose of a peaceable Germany harried into war by its ruling classes. It arose from profound ignorance, even of educated English people, concerning the literature and mental life of the Germans. We simply have not known what Germany has been reading and thinking. Our ideas of the German temperament and character are at least a generation old. We still talk vaguely of Goethe as a typical German author. We still think of German literature as, above all, distinguished by an exaggerated wide-worldliness and humanity. We remember that men like Lessing and Herder professed that they were unable to understand patriotism; that they mocked at German nationalism; that they loved the culture of France; that the trend of their teaching was cosmopolitan, friendly to all civilised people, tolerant and urbane. We remember that Heine belonged with half his mind to Paris; that Goethe refused to be interested in his country's struggle with Napoleon, except in a detached and philosophic way. He turned aside to study Persian poetry. These men belonged to the Germany which our literary public in England know and, for its literary culture, admire—the Germany of which Lord Haldane used to talk when he urged the impossibility of any cut-throat battle between us. Even now that Louvain has perished there are people who still cling to a rooted idea that this Germany of Goethe and Beethoven—which no longer exists—is the Germany we are fighting today. These people explain things like Louvain and the "infamous proposals" by assuming that the German people has been coerced into conduct that it abhors. Goethe's Germany, they say, still survives; but it has been overruled and driven by a Prussian clique.

This view, of course, is entirely wrong. Nineteenth-century Germany has disappeared. For the last twenty years the German public has been inspired and led by authors and orators of another period and school. The English public has heard little of men like Treitschke, Oncken, Sybel, Hartmann, Eisenhart, Giesebricht, Droysen—men who created and nourished the "German idea". Nevertheless, while the English were reading Heine, the whole German public was crowding to accept the teaching of Treitschke and these other men. This teaching has entered into their heart and brain. There is hardly a German book or a German mind that does not reflect it. A treatise like that of General von Bernhardi was not a sudden and individual performance of an eccentric officer. It astonished the English public because the English

public had not been reading the current literature of Germany. It was not an isolated or remarkable book in Germany. It merely accepted and applied ideas which are deeply inwoven in the homespun reflections of the German mind. That the Germans are a chosen people, barred for the moment from supremacy, to be made great by war deliberately provoked, is a conception which has reached down to the humblest subject of Kaiser Wilhelm II. It looks out of their serious history between every line; it speaks from the University chair, from the political platform, from the schoolmaster's desk, from the pages of fiction. The whole nation has been disciplined to receive it. It supplies the real energy and motive that drives the armies and fleet of the Kaiser.

Those who would begin to realise what the "German idea" really means in Germany should begin with the lectures of Professor Cramb. They leave no room for doubt—as Lord Roberts has said in a letter printed last week in this REVIEW—that the present war is an inevitable expression of the German spirit to-day—an event for which the German people has been mentally preparing for many years. Through the length and breadth of articulate Germany it has come to be believed that the Teuton race, having drawn from its side the thorn of France and successfully arranged the neutral destiny of certain small kingdoms, would strike at England, the brutal huckster, and civilise the whole world with a new culture, a new religion, and new laws. We do not suggest that the whole of this programme is clear in the minds of every fighting soldier in the German Army; but the spirit of aggressive imperial adventure, ensuing power as an end in itself, has taken firm hold of the people. The false prophets of this idea have for years been the chosen prophets of the German public. The idea is found in its completest, sincerest, and most eloquent form in the works of Treitschke. Treitschke died before he had seen this day of fulfilment. Had he lived he would surely have recognised in the diplomacy of last July the fruit of his gospel. He would have seen in the breaking of the German armies into Belgium the day for which his chosen race had for centuries lived and waited. The events of these last weeks are contained in almost every page of his writing; and we have to remember that Treitschke was not an academic figure, writing from the study, thinking only as a scholar, refashioning the past only as an historian. He was a public and influential missionary of the Will to Power in its practical application to politics; and he talked to a people whose ears were open. He walked from the lecture room, where students accepted him as an oracle, to the Reichstag, where he spoke, like our own Macaulay or John Stuart Mill, with the authority of a man of genius. However we may abhor the doctrine he confessed, we are compelled to recognise his sincerity and immense personal power. He had a noble countenance, with fine eyes and thick hair. He spoke harshly and suddenly out of a perpetual silence; for he was deaf from childhood. He always seemed remote, a prophet who spoke from the mountain; and his words returned always to the same message—that Germany had been gloriously preserved through the centuries by a deity who intended his chosen to survive by war. It was a message which soon was being delivered from frontier to frontier of Germany in a hundred ways and forms. Meantime in England we had hardly noted Treitschke and his friends. We had heard only of Nietzsche, who still deceived us with his frank contempt of all the nations, which to his proud, surveying eye were merely the parishes of his super-world.

Had the doctrines of Treitschke and his contemporaries been wholly vile they would not have succeeded in sweeping his countrymen into crime. They had a kernel of reality and truth in their insistence upon the primitive virtues of war, the duty of valour, and the grace of patriotism. But they neglected everything that brings these necessary virtues of a fighting race level with our civilisation. There is no room in the gospel of Treitschke for magnanimity or compassion. There is too much room for popular vainglory and the

abuse of power. The modern prophets of Germany have exalted a disastrous half-truth. Treitschke desires to see his nation exulting like a giant in his strength. He has neglected to warn his disciples that strength, worshipped for itself, inevitably tends to be misused. The Will to Power is a barren inspiration. To get power in order to achieve more power, and again to add more power to that, is an ambition as pitiful as the usurer's who adds gold to gold not as a means, but as the miser's end. The preaching of Treitschke has been especially disastrous in its effect upon the German mind—already too prone to admire efficiency for its own sake, to worship the sergeant, and despise the more delicate, unseen sources of moral worth. Treitschke has encouraged the sleeping bully in the Prussian character, and has stilled in his countrymen the small voice of compunction and that modest doubt which is called the beacon of the wise.

That the influence of men like Treitschke has worked irreparable evil in Europe the event has now declared. But it still has to be realised how deep this influence has bitten into the German people. We must think no longer, so long as this war continues, of the Germany which Treitschke has helped to destroy—the Germany where life was quietly pondered and greatly sung. We must think only of a people evilly inspired to grasp at wealth and dominion; to destroy the fair heritage of justice and sympathy whereby Christendom has resolved to live; and to stride the whole world by right of its powder and guns.

LAWS OF WAR.

"War and Alien Enemies." By Arthur Page. Stevens and Sons. 5s. net.

THE laws are silent when we take up arms. The good of the State should, and does in many instances, take precedence over every private and legal consideration. The only point to be decided touches the exact nature of what the "good of the State" may be, and here, of course, public benefit must be nicely discriminated from mere animosity against a hostile country. Mr. Page has in his little book endeavoured to set forth what are the personal and trading rights of alien enemies in a belligerent country, and, if taken with certain reservations, it will be found a useful manual. International law, however, is always vague, and though at present we may be observing it with extraordinary punctilio in dealings with, say, Spain or the United States of America, it must be admitted as a possibly dead letter in some other directions. Between us and Germany its observance can only rest either on expediency or the national conscience.

The right to put to death a civilian found in arms has been recognised for many years, but even in this seemingly simple case difficulties arise, examples being furnished by the present campaign in Belgium. In the now notorious book on "Germany and the Next War", General von Bernhardi, estimating the strength of the military forces of that country, expressly included the *garde civique*. The German authorities do not, however, share his opinion, as they have refused to recognise the military status of that body. Actually, then, we are in this pass, that we do not know what a civilian is. Presumably, in case of invasion, the Royal Irish Constabulary would have to disarm or expect the fate of franc-tireurs. Again, we note that Mr. Page says invaders must respect the family honour and rights and the private property of non-combatant alien enemies; but what comfort may we take from this pleasing paragraph when we have failed to define a non-combatant? By another widely accepted custom civilians, though "not subjected to the necessity of taking part in the operations of war against their own country", may yet be "forced to render services for the needs of the invading army". Could we read into this a mere mandate to supply food and to behave quietly there would be no great cause for complaint, but unfortunately it seems often to be taken to mean the supply of guides and a real if indirect participation in hostilities.

Expediency and national conscience seem, therefore, to be the last supports of international law when so much is left vague, and the two considerations are, we hold, by no means incompatible. Such an act as the destruction of Louvain should have been prohibited on both counts. Imagine Germany permanently victorious, and we shall see that she has destroyed a treasure of her property and for ever reddened the hearts of her future subjects against her. On the other hand, Germany defeated lays herself open to reprisals which would at least take the form of increased indemnities and the confiscation of much portable national property at present housed in Berlin, Munich and Dresden. National conscience—the desire to retain a name honoured among States—should have pointed in precisely the same direction. In all our dealings with the non-combatant enemy, whether here or in his own country at some future date, we shall do well to remember these two considerations. In war we must recognise a kind of blackmail, for each nation holds the other's hostages. If at the end we are conquerors and find the balance of credit lies somewhat heavily on our own side, we shall know how to exact a fuller reparation than is now possible. Let history say that this was a war of civilisation against savagery.

TOOLS OF LEARNING.

"A Primer of English Literature." By W. T. Young. Cambridge University Press. 2s. net.

"English Literature." By George Saintsbury. Macmillan. 1s. 6d.

"Précis-Writing." By H. A. Treble. Rivingtons. 3s. 6d.

ENGLISH literature is now generally accepted as a subject to be taught at school, and there can be little doubt that its study is at least as important as that of history. Certain difficulties, however, stand in the way to prevent it from taking its proper place in the curriculum. Time, probably, is the chief of these. The boy or girl who does not read for pleasure may well leave school with the scantiest knowledge of what is meant by the heritage of English literature. A couple of Shakespeare's plays accompanied by glossaries, and an abridged novel by Sir Walter Scott, may in the end limit their knowledge of our classics. On the whole we are inclined to fear that those who do not care to read when at leisure are in a hopeless and helpless case, and it is certainly not for their instruction that Mr. Young and Mr. Saintsbury have written. Experience, however, shows that many, even of those who do not take the smallest interest in other school subjects, wake to life at the few hours devoted to literature. The school library is also, at other times, a place of popular resort, but it is a place which certainly needs a guide. Mr. Young and Mr. Saintsbury both offer a book to fill this want. Neither the one nor the other has wished to give the idle student a short cut to an appearance of knowledge, though a certain amount of "cram" might, of course, be done with either. Obviously their chief intention has been to indicate certain lines on which reading can be profitably pursued.

Necessarily, as the names of the various writers appear, there is some comment made on their peculiarities of style and method, but there is very little dogmatic criticism. Young readers must, to a certain extent, go as they please. It is simply useless to stuff them with the work of one author, however good he be, when their minds are turned to another author, perhaps equally good in his way but belonging to another school. All that the guide need do is to exclude rubbish and to suggest what of the rest is likely to appeal to certain types of minds. Both Mr. Young and Mr. Saintsbury have admirably done their duty in the latter respect, and each has also succeeded in giving in concise form a history which marks the stages and developments of English literature from "Beowulf" to Swinburne, Meredith and Stevenson. Names and dates no longer have their old places of honour in our educational system, but the chronological arrangement of the two books, and the chronological

table at the end of Mr. Saintsbury's manual, are useful. It is simply impossible to understand a man's work or to appreciate it unless we know the century in which he lived, and the modern antipathy to mechanical formula must not be allowed to land us in chaos. Assuming that the student is also receiving some instruction in social and political history, mention of these matters may not be considered supremely necessary in a text-book of literature; yet we think that Mr. Young has been well advised in not wholly neglecting them. Mr. Saintsbury has endeavoured to follow a more purely literary standard, and his book, therefore, seems more suitable for a slightly more advanced class of readers among whom there already exists a certain ability to co-ordinate thoughts and studies. The latter author has, by the way, compiled a glossary of technical terms, mainly prosodic, which should prove valuable.

Mr. Treble's book of material for précis writing is obviously intended for those who are preparing for examinations. The first part of it is intended for candidates preparing for the London Matriculation and the Central Welsh Board, whilst other exercises include items which have been set for the Intermediate and Advanced grades at the examinations of the Royal Society of Arts and for the Civil Service Examination for Second Division Clerkships. A wide and varied choice of styles and subjects has been provided. There are the more or less familiar extracts from such masters of prose as Macaulay, Burke, and Carlyle, minutes of evidence given before certain Royal and other Commissions, as well as numerous examples of official correspondence. From the point of view of style there is not much to be said for the language which our officials occasionally employ; but, after all, we are not dealing here with literature. Stern necessity dictates when the examiners come in sight, and Mr. Treble has provided just the sort of exercises that are required to meet coming troubles.

"Practical Physical Chemistry." By F. W. Gray. Macmillan. 4s. 6d.

"Practical Applied Physics." By H. Stanley. Methuen. 3s.

"A Third-Year Course of Organic Chemistry." By T. P. Hilditch. Methuen. 6s.

"Arithmetic." By H. Freeman. Bell. 2s. 6d.

Mr. Gray's book on practical physical chemistry contains a series of thirty-nine exercises which have grown round the writer's work as lecturer at Aberdeen University, special regard having been given to the pressing questions of the "time-limit". In other sections important experiments will be found which can be carried out when there is no need to race the clock, and the book should, therefore, meet the needs of all classes of students. The methods described are modern, and the diagrams have been specially drawn for the work.

The volume which Mr. Stanley has prepared on practical applied physics is meant for second- and third-year engineering course students, and those preparing for a science degree. The introduction deals with some important graphs and the methods of the calculus, which is employed later. In the body of the work are included 45 experiments to be performed chiefly to illustrate methods of procedure, and there are sections on heat, mechanics, and magnetism and electricity, whilst the appendix contains tables of various data, and logarithm and trigonometrical tables.

Mr. Hilditch's book completes the course of organic chemistry whose earlier stages have been treated in two other volumes in Messrs. Methuen's "Textbooks of Science" series. The work is suited for honour students either for the B.Sc. or Board of Education examinations, and has been in every way admirably arranged.

Although consisting mainly of examples, Mr. Freeman's "Arithmetic" contains enough bookwork to help a pupil in difficulties. It leads all the way from first principles up to logarithms and stocks. The majority of examples are original, and as far as possible

avoid artificiality. Careful explanations have been given on the sections dealing with contracted methods and approximations.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

FICTION.

The Gate of England (Morice Gerard); The Cost of a Promise (Mrs. Baillie Reynolds); The Miracle Man (Frank L. Packard); Ringfield (S. F. Harrison). Hodder and Stoughton. 6s. each. Perch of the Devil (Gertrude Atherton). Murray. 6s.

HISTORY.

A History of England and the British Empire (Arthur D. Innes). Vol. III. 1689-1802. Rivingtons. 6s. net.

REPRINTS.

How Armies Fight ("Ubique"). Nelson. 1s. net.

The Secret History of the Court of Berlin (Edited and arranged by Henry W. Fischer). Long. 1s. net.

Pan-Germanism (Roland G. Usher). Constable. 2s. net.

Germany's Swelled Head (Emil Reich). Melrose. 1s. net.

Brothers (H. A. Vachell). Murray. 2s. net.

SCHOOL BOOKS.

Elementary Classics.—Noctes Latine (Written, adapted, or arranged by Walter Madeley). Macmillan. 1s. 6d.

Outlines of Physical Geography (H. Clive Barnard). 1s. 6d.; Junior Regional Geography.—The Americas (J. B. Reynolds). 1s. 4d. Black.

SCIENCE.

Practical Tropical Sanitation (W. Alex Muirhead). Murray. 10s. 6d. net.

THEOLOGY.

Codex B and Its Allies: A Study and an Indictment (H. C. Hoskier). Quaritch. 2 Vols. 30s. net.

The Catholic Library.—Fisher on the Penitential Psalms (Edited by J. S. Philimore). Vol. I. Herder. 1s. net.

VERSE.

Oxford Garlands.—Love Poems; Sonnets; Patriotic Poems (Selected by R. M. Leonard). Oxford University Press. 7d. net each.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Canada To-day. The "Canada" Newspaper Co. 1s. net.

Theory of Civilisation, A (Sholto O. G. Douglas). Fisher Unwin. 5s. net.

War Facts and Figures (Edited by Charles K. Sugden). Hill. 6s. net.

REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES FOR SEPTEMBER:—The English Review, 1s. net; The Empire Review, 1s. net; The Phoenix, 10 cents.; The Hindustan Review, 10 annas; The Journal of Philology, 4s. 6d.; The Constructive Quarterly, 3s. net; United Empire, 1s. net; Revue des Deux Mondes, 3 fr.; The Geographical Journal, 2s.; The National Review, 2s. 6d. net; The Britannic Review, 1s. net.

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CEYLON CONSOLIDATED.

The ordinary general meeting of the Ceylon Consolidated Rubber Estates, Ltd., was held last Tuesday, Mr. B. Wentworth Vernon, J.P., the Chairman of the Company, presiding.

The Chairman said that, briefly, the position was that they had come to the end of their financial resources, and their best and wisest course was to raise sufficient funds to place the Company in a strong and secure position. The Board put forward the only possible plan for achieving that end. The situation was undoubtedly somewhat serious, but he hoped they would not take too gloomy a view of it ; it was by no means desperate. The Board had carried out all the obligations that they undertook when the Company was started. At the outset they acquired an estate in Ceylon of roughly 1,350 acres, of which some 650 acres were under cultivation, and the directors at that time told the shareholders that they intended to bring into cultivation all the uncultivated land, and that they hoped by 1914 to be in a position to harvest 49,000 lbs. of rubber. They had fulfilled both these promises to the letter. In 1913, one year before the stipulated time, they had produced 20,000 lbs. of rubber, which sold for £1,800. The estimated amount of rubber to be harvested for the current year was 88,000 lbs. The present crisis therefore was due to no fault of the directors. If rubber had been even 5s. or 4s. per lb., they would have been able to pay handsome dividends. The proposed reconstruction was absolutely necessary. They had no money, save a trifle of £200 in the bank. It might be said that they had all the rubber to which he had referred, but at least three months elapsed before rubber could be brought to market and sold. Their financial year began in March, and so far only five months of the current year had passed ; and during October-March quite 75 per cent. of the total crop was obtained. Therefore they would get no money at all before June or July. Another factor was that the rubber market was closed ; and it was quite impossible to tell whether they would succeed in selling their rubber at all, or what price they would get for it. How, then, were they to carry on their business during a war which, according to authorities, might last three years ? It was not as though they were running a factory which they could close down. They had borrowed £5,000 at 10 per cent. interest in order to carry on the estate, and it was part of the arrangement that they should keep their estate in a perfect condition ; they were under an obligation, too, to pay that £5,000 at the end of this month. As a result of the war they were enabled to purchase for £10,000 in fully-paid shares coconut estate of 2,000 acres, of which 500 acres were planted with trees two years, while 300 acres were ready for planting and the trees were ready to put in. The reconstruction scheme would produce £20,000, of which £5,000 would repay the loan, £3,000 would bring to maturity the immature rubber areas, and the remaining £12,000 would be ample to bring the coconut estate into perfect maturity in the course of a few years, and also, probably, to enable them to plant several hundred acres more. A great future lay before companies which emerged at the end of the war in a strong financial condition, and he urged shareholders to join in the scheme heartily and take up their proportion of shares.

The report and accounts were adopted, and the reconstruction was passed.

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